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A woman with blonde hair and a blue feathered headband is sitting in the back of a car at night. She is wearing a blue fuzzy cardigan over a black dress and blue sneakers. She is eating a burger and holding a large cup of soda. A tray with fries is visible on the left. The background shows city lights through the car window.

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JOURNEYS



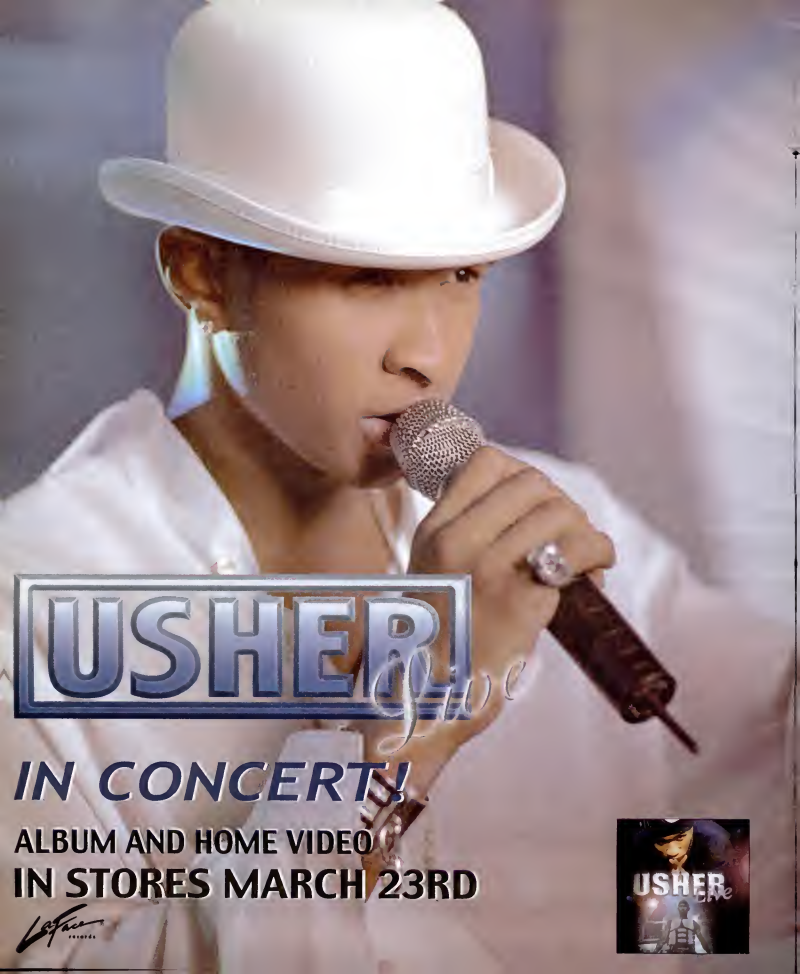
Hieroglyphs, 5000 BC



...and it don't stop



represent yourself

A close-up photograph of Usher performing on stage. He is wearing a white tuxedo jacket over a white shirt and a white bowler hat. He is holding a silver microphone to his mouth with his right hand, which features a large diamond ring. The background is blurred, showing other people in white attire.

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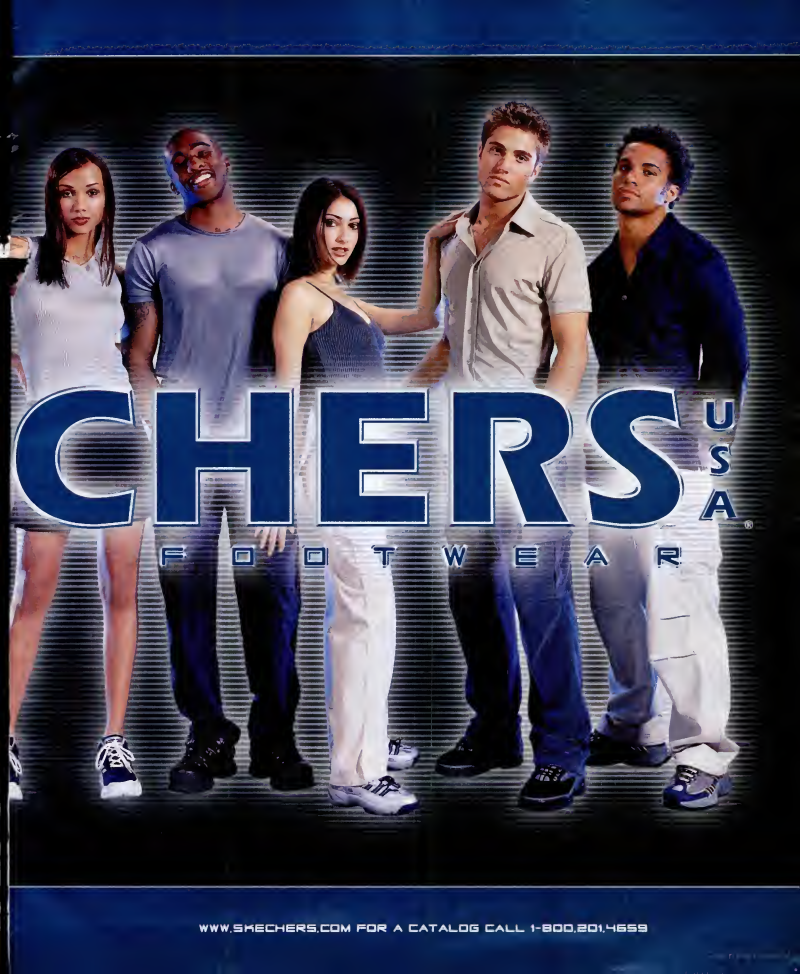
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The logo for Skechers, featuring a stylized 'S' inside a shoe-like outline, followed by the word 'SKE' in large, bold, blue capital letters with a white outline. The background of the entire advertisement features a group of four models (three men and one woman) in various poses, wearing Skechers footwear. The background is dark with horizontal lines and a subtle grid pattern.



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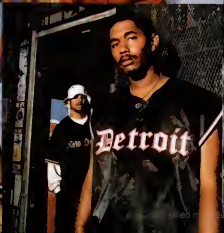


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BUDDHA



TODD MYERS LOWE WALKS IN THE PATH OF BUDDHA (CES) AND SPEAKS THE TRUTH...ABOUT STREET PROMOTIONS.

Learn this today: Heat doesn't just happen.

Heat -- or buzz -- is manufactured, molded under the flame of mass media. Or at least, that was the case until Hip Hop emerged as the dominant force in pop culture. When The Streets overthrew The Mainstream, though, the script got flipped on the Madison Avenue ad agencies. Down was now up, bad was now good and traditional promotional mediums (TV, radio, print, billboards) became dinosaurs; in their place came new players, new game and a new religion.

Buddha Ces is a major player in the street promotions game. A true Hip Hop scion from the Boogie Down Bronx, Buddha runs the original Street Team® in 30 markets for SRC/Loud Records. Specializing in this innovative breed of marketing since 1994, Buddha knows the power of the platform. He knows because he played a key role in The Parable of the Big Punisher.

The story goes like this: Loud Records signs Big Pun, a talented, but relatively unknown MC. Two years before releasing Punisher's first LP Capital Punishment, Buddha and his Street Teams® across the country went to work. They stuck with grassroots strategies (stenciling, sniping, sample tapes, etc.) and didn't quit promoting until after the record dropped.

The result: Right out the box, Big Pun debuts at number five. Capital Punishment remained in the top fifteen for nine weeks and has sold approximately 2,000,000 albums to date -- all with no initial video and little radio airplay. "We set off that first album," Buddha verifies. "That was all from the street up."

The lesson was not lost on Corporate America. Other record labels -- Atlantic, Sony, and Interscope, to name a few -- have lined up to reap the benefits of Buddha's love. So have magazines (Vibe), movie studios (Warner Bros., Miramax, Universal), beverage manufacturers (Pepsi, Mountain Dew) and apparel manufacturers, such as Starter. The clientele know that -- like all good holy men -- Buddha's got the wisdom.

"I try to micro-market," he explains. "I look at [our clients'] products and figure out where we're supposed to be with it... who's gonna use it." For example, "If it's a Pete Rock single," he says, "I go downtown to the lounges, because Pete Rock's on some smooth \$#@!" And if Starter has some hats they want distributed, "I'll hit Gauchos, Basketball City, the gym on 23rd... then blaze by some of the hot high school teams."

Maintaining "brand awareness" is what it's all about, and in the nine-nine, street promotions are the means to that end. Starter understands the value of the organic, one-to-one exposure that Buddha and SRC provide. "We really rock Starter the most," Buddha confirms. "At special events, everybody rolls in Starter uniform. When we go on the road, we always take [Starter] gear with us, and we make sure the key players get it."

Look out for the SRC Street Team® on a boulevard near you this spring. Just so you can make the 10, peep Buddha and his NYC warrior monks, pictured above. SRC's Frank V. -- LA's High Street Priest -- and his West Coast apostles (left) are represented as well, and everyone's sporting the latest from Starter.

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APRIL 1999 • VOLUME 7, NUMBER 3

FEATURES

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F Furballs

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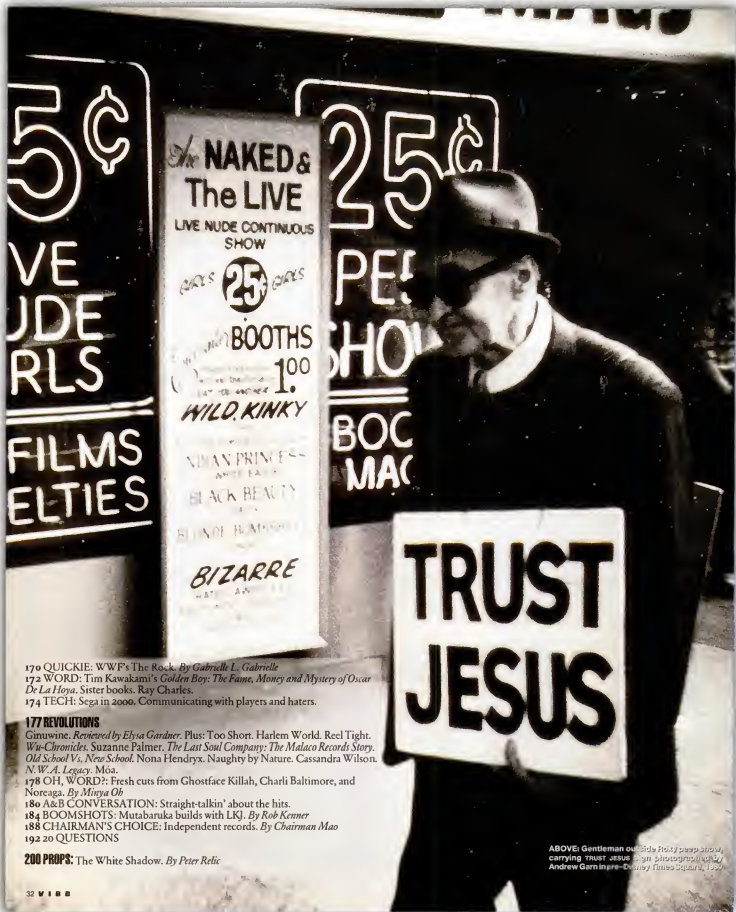
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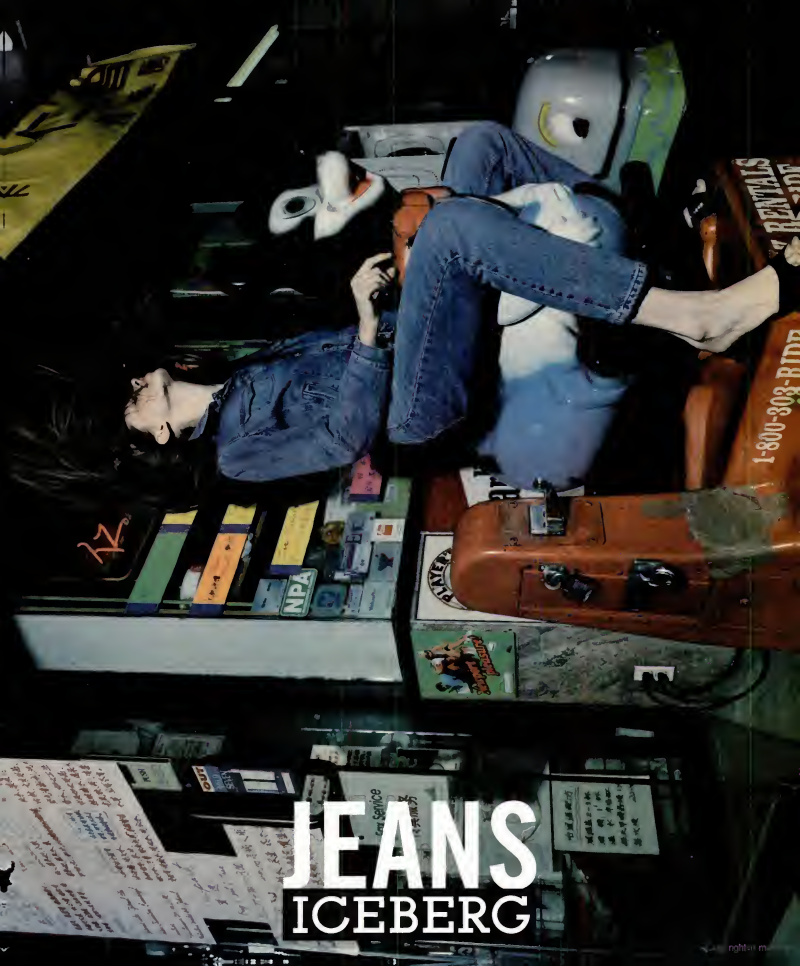
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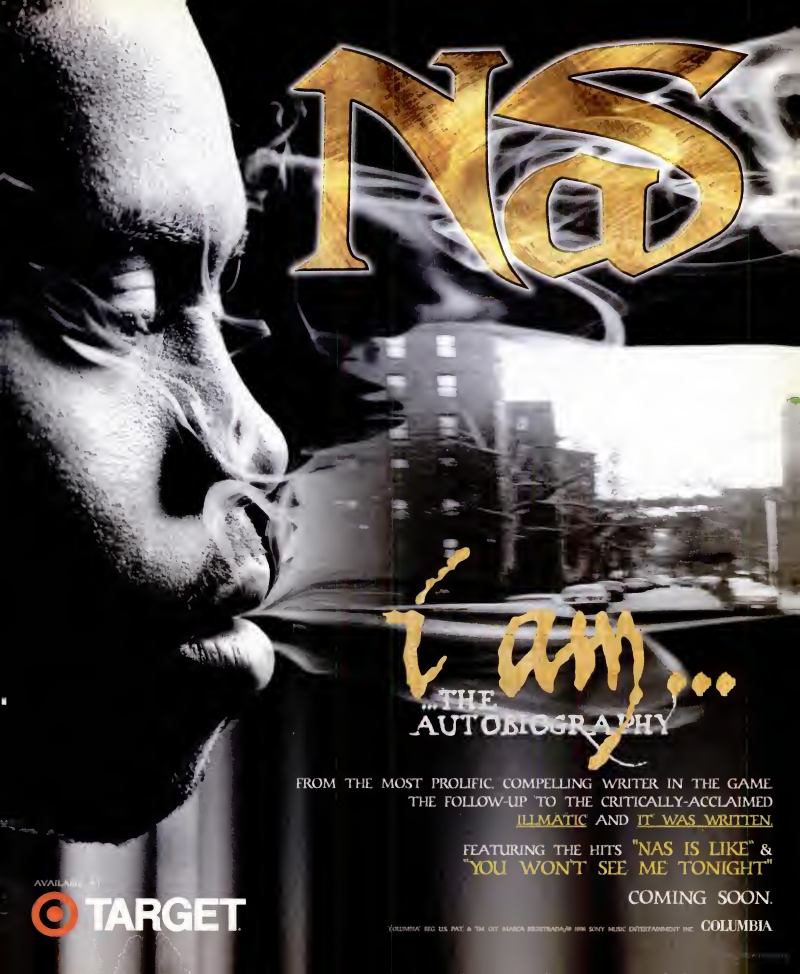
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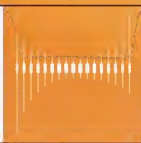


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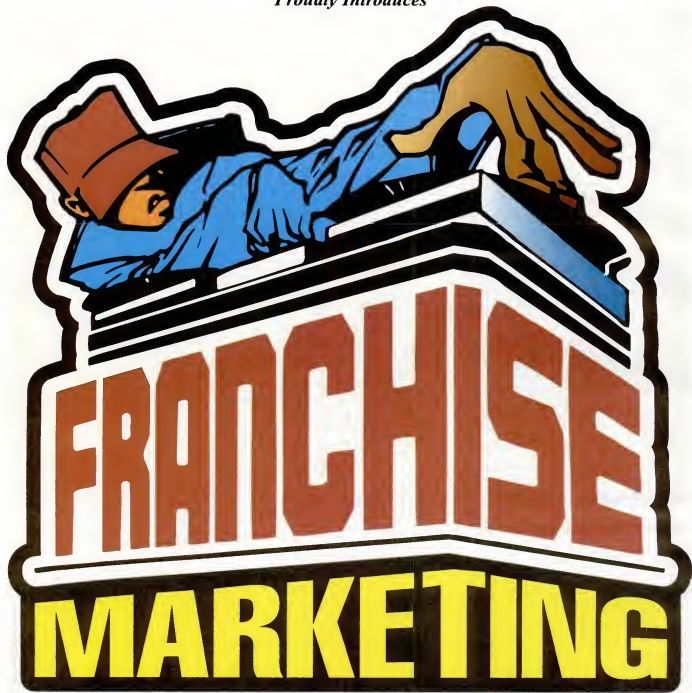
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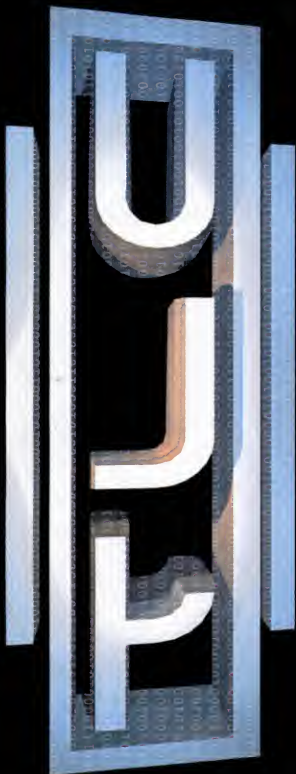
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THE MEDIA ASSASSIN



"I really want to thank my ninth-grade algebra teacher, Mr. Vasquez, for my writing career," chuckles VIBE contributor Harry Allen. "I thought I was going to be an astrophysicist, [but] algebra was a nightmare! Better for us, as Harry hooks up with both Jay-Z ("You Must Love Him", page 98) and Professor Griff (Dornese, page 82) this issue. Allen enjoys walking along Harlem's 125th Street for creative inspiration. "The aliveness of it all never disappoints." If you can't catch him uptown (bobby, peep his work in *The Village Voice*, *Billboard*, or *Newsday*).

"I've been hustling all my life," reveals the 38-year-young nonconformist Guy Gonzales, who documented his Times Square remembrances ("The Deuce," page 128) with photographer-turned-videographer William Buttenworth. "In the '80s, I scalped tickets at Madison Square [Garden], and I was a live sexual performer in the peep shows." Australian Bill, 59, describes the Square as, "a magnet for people from all over." Together, they fulfilled Guy's die-hard mission: to convey what life on 42nd Street—before Disney's sanitization—was all about.



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IT'S MILLNER TIME

Best-selling author and *New York Daily News* entertainment reporter Denene Millner can't get her creative juices flowing without her adopted alley cats Jordan and Starks lying nearby. And while she's been writing professionally for nine years, she still gets butterflies every time she conducts an interview. "It's like stage fright," says Millner, 30. "I get nervous and sweaty." Somehow, she pulled herself together to knock out her 1997 book, *The Sistahs' Rules* (William Morrow) and this year's *What Brothers Think, What Sistahs Know* (Quill) before tackling her first VIBE feature ("Pistol-Whipped," page 121).

"My first drawing was of an Indian attacking a cowboy," says Christoph Niemann. "I was three, and my mom still has it hanging on the kitchen wall." Twenty-four years later, though, the German-born Niemann says he is a graphic designer—not an "artist." Nonetheless, his take on the various schools of art—each as a caricature of a modern music icon—looks pretty sophisticated to us ("One Louvre," page 68). "All I did was represent [these artists] from a different angle." Niemann's illos have appeared in *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker*.



ACHTUNG, BABY!

IN-HOUSE COUNSEL



Research Chief Ayana Byrd is VIBE's guardian angel—she prevents us from being misinformed, and most importantly, from being sued. But the Philly-born fact-checking guru knows that ensuring the accuracy of the magazine often means playing resident killjoy. "I am constantly killing editors' and writers' (and artists') visions of flourish and grandeur, like, *No, I don't care if it works in the piece, so-and-so did not sell 6 million albums*," Yani loves it when she discovers some unknown truth that gives a story an added twist, but cringes at her job's more embarrassing moments: explaining to our lawyer, for example, the exact meaning of lyrics like Nore's "getting head in the whip and not crashing it."



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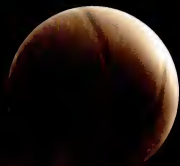
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Speak Easy

"I call the '90s the stealth decade, where people don't drive in stretch limos anymore, they drive these stealth vehicles they think escape the radar of the gods."

—Jay McInerney, whose novel "Bright Lights, Big City" (Vintage, 1984) captured the essence of the '80s (*The New York Times*)

"I'm not a loser. I'm probably a fuckup, but I'm not a loser."

—Mike Tyson, distinguishing the champs from the chumps (*ESPN SportsCenter*)

"It was a very difficult time! Doctors are going, 'You have worms!' No, it's Top Ramen, really!"

—Robin Williams on the gruesome aftereffects of lying in a bathtub full of noodles for a scene in *Patch Adams* (*Entertainment Tonight Online*)

"For me, less sex would be no sex. If I don't get it on NBC, I'm just out of luck."

—Jon Lovitz, contemplating NBC's avowal to broadcast fewer scenes of intimate relations (*TV Guide Online*)

"I mean, I am obsessed with tits, but it's certainly nothing I would ever seek help for."

—Mel Gibson, dispelling the rumor that he was seeking treatment for his breast fetish (*Toronto Sun*)

"In this day and age / My rap is like the plague / I married this shit / Y'all niggas still engaged."

—The Notorious B.I.G., from Junior M.A.F.I.A.'s 1995 "Reims of Junior M.A.F.I.A." (Undeas/Atlantic). March 9 marks the second anniversary of B.I.G.'s death. (See page 136.)

editor's choice

"You can't stop a brother like the Quiksta / 'Cause I'm true to the game / You lame and things ain't gon' neva be the same / 'Cause a nigga like the Quik is takin' over / I really don't think I should have to explain / Oh yeah I'm a dog but my name ain't Rover / And I'm the kind of nigga that's feelin' no pain / Sometimes I have to wear the bulletproof vest / Because I got the CPT sign written 'cross my chest / A funky dope brother never ceasin' to impress / My name is DJ Quik so you can fuck the rest."

—DJ Quik, 1991's "Born and Raised in Compton" (Profile)

from the VIBE vault

AUGUST 1996

"Hustlin' was my life. So now I'm tellin' 'em, 'Let me do this rap thing. That's my way out. Just let me go.'"

—Jay-Z, preparing himself to become the king of rap

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KINGS OF THE HILL?

I've been waiting *forever* to see Dru Hill on the cover of VIBE ("Heart Doctors," by James Hunter, February 1999). Dru is the best R&B group in the world. They put 112 to sleep,

"JODECI IS NO MORE, AND BOYZ II MEN ARE PLAYED OUT. DRU HILL HAS BECOME THEIR CERTIFIED REPLACEMENT."

Blackstreet in the dark, and Next—they never had a chance. Jodeci is no more, and Boyz II Men are played out. Dru Hill has become their certified replacement. Sisqo has actually taken K-Ci's style to another level. In the article, Nokio says he doesn't want to be a fad. There's no need to worry; Sisqo's hair will be gray before I stop listening to them.

Sharita Ponder
Philadelphia, PA

If Nokio of Dru Hill isn't reading this letter, will someone please bring it to his attention? *What do you mean Jodeci is a fad?* You and everybody who knows music realize that you cats sound like Jodeci. Don't place labels on the "well established" when your résumé hasn't even reached two full paragraphs! Dru Hill has yet to make a dent in the history of soul music.

Vicente El Bello Uno
Albany, GA

Thanks for your article on Dru Hill. I didn't know Sisqo had been locked up three times, or that Nokio was the first group member to have ear-

rings or tattoos. Dru Hill shows the world every side of love there possibly is. They're dedicated to their music and deserve way more props than they've been getting.

Tanya Hoffer
Elizabeth, NJ

MY MY, MYA

We need more sweet, innocent, smart young ladies like Mya ("Oh, Mya," by Amy Linden, February 1999) in the music industry. She's Tracie Spencer and Aaliyah rolled in one. I hope, as her career progresses, she doesn't transform into one of those overly sexy songbirds.

Bird
Athens, GA

Tell me something: Is VIBE about music, or is it *Love Connection*? I read

MAIL

Still, I'm amazed you compiled a list of songs but didn't include *any* from the Isley Brothers! Remember *The Heat Is On*? Three songs on one side, all slow, at a blue-light basement party—plenty of love was made to that!

Bari Nasir
Brownfield, TX

I just received my latest issue of VIBE, and the first thing that catches my eye on the cover is the "99 Best Love Songs of All Time." You have the *nerve* to put out a list, and you don't have an Isley Brothers song on it? The Isleys have been on a

Mission to Please for years, surviving all the fads of music with their timeless sound. Without the Isleys there would be no R. Kelly, Babyface, or Keith Sweat—all of whom had the honor to write and produce a song on the Isleys' last album. We won't even talk about all the big hop artists who have benefited from sampling their classic hits. Go pick up a copy of the Isleys' *Beautiful Ladies*, and call me in the morning.

Big Vince
Tehachapi, CA

My wife and I were enjoying the "99 Best Love Songs of All Time." As we

the brief article on Mya, and I'm not sure whether to appreciate her music or leave my daytime telephone number.

Jamie Williams
Dawville, VA

BROTHERS' KEEPERS

I read it twice to make sure I didn't miss it. But it appears that VIBE actually *did* create a list of the "99 Best Love Songs of All Time" (February 1999) and completely left off the Isley Brothers. How does this happen? *Hello!* "Voyage to Atlantis." "Choosy Lover." "Between the Sheets." "For the Love of You." Need I say more?

Tamika Reid
De Funiak Springs, FL

How could you put David Bowie on your "99 Best Love Songs of All Time" but not include *one* song from the Isley Brothers or the O'Jays?

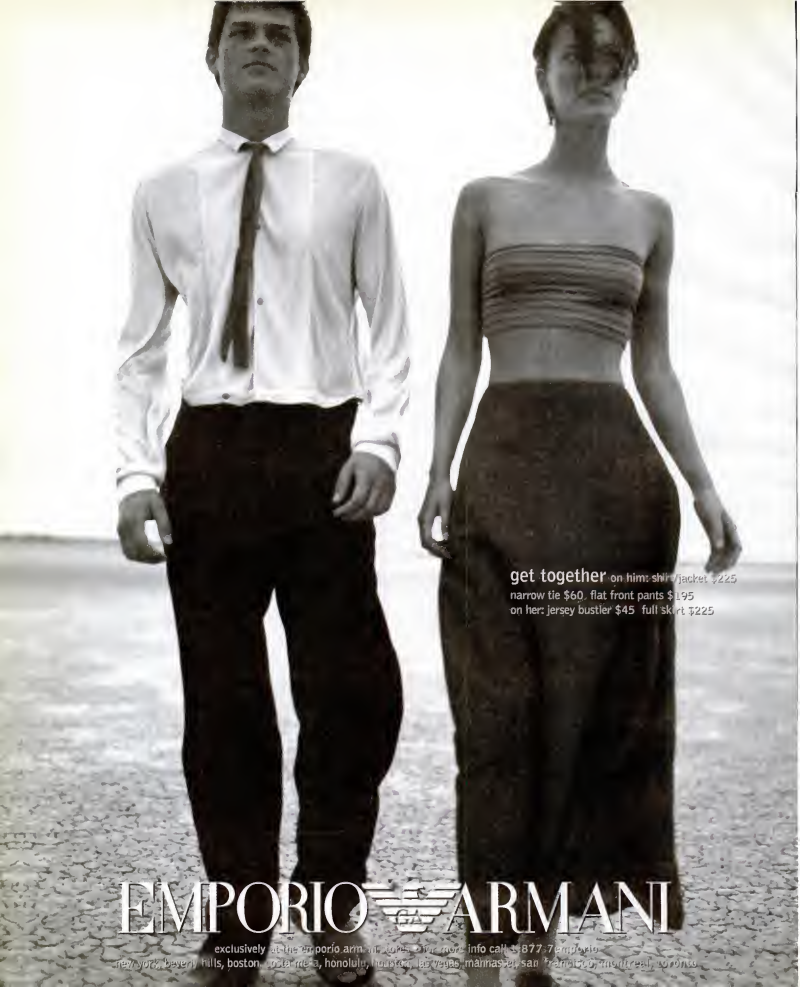
Justin Dippel
Yuba City, CA

Your "99 Best Love Songs of All Time" really brought back memories of what it feels like to fall in love.



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reminded through the selections, we occasionally would hum the songs that were dear to us. As we neared the top 30, I thought, Did I see any Isley Brothers songs? They'll be in the final 20. Slowly the numbers fell, and not one Isley

much I adore." I have shivers just thinking about it.

*Jamaika Russell
New York, NY*

VIBE, VIBE, VIBE! You really hit it off on the "99 Best Love Songs

Band, Blue Magic, Lionel Richie, Midnight Star, One Way, Lou Rawls, Kashif, Mrume, Stacy Lattisaw, the Stylistics, the Spinners, Jeffrey Osborne, George Benson, and Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes. I've never had a reason to be dis-

Cheryl Lynn; "With You" by Tony Terry; "Angel" by Anita Baker; and "If Only You Knew" by Patti LaBelle.

*Eddie Pinder
New York, NY*

"YOUR '99 BEST LOVE SONGS' REALLY BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES OF WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO FALL IN LOVE. STILL, I AM AMAZED YOUR LIST DIDN'T INCLUDE ANY ISLEY BROTHERS SONGS!"

Brothers song. I know most of the '80s and '90s generation think of Ronald Isley as Mr. Big in the R. Kelly videos, but do the research. The slow side of the Isleys' *Fight the Power* blows away half of your top 20.

*Cliff Thomas
Riverdale, IL*

I'm a thirtysomething reader with love of all music. To the brain that compiled the "99 Best Love Songs of All Time" list, reeducate yourself. How can you compile such a list without including the Isley Brothers? Obviously you didn't do your homework. Don't insult listeners of good music.

*K. Brown
Stone Mountain, GA*

SHOW A LITTLE LOVE

You've made a few wack moves in your day, but not including Betty Wright's "Tonight Is the Night" on your "99 Best Love Songs of All Time" list is No. 1 on the list of your Biggest Mistakes Ever. Right next to that nasty Foxy Brown cover [December 1998/January 1999].

*Jason Michael
Detroit, MI*

I am all-out through with your top 15 picks for the "99 Best Love Songs of All Time." As a child of the '70s and '80s, I must speak to the absurdity of placing "Adore" at No. 14. "Adore" should be at least No. 5 or 6. When Prince screams in the song's last seconds, "Without you there is no me / Without you there is no sea, there is no shore / Love is too weak to define how

of All Times." I grew up on most of those songs. I'm only 19, but I know some good music. Thanks for the list.

*Leslie K. Chatman
Plano, TX*

You missed the mark on the "99 Best Love Songs of All Time" by not acknowledging some of the great icons of love. For example: the Isley Brothers, the O'Jays, Patti LaBelle, Roberta Flack, Peaches & Herb, the S.O.S. Band, the Gap

appointed with VIBE until now.

*Chuck Chillins
South Carver, MA*

VIBE missed the mark on the "99 Best Love Songs of All Time." There are some stunning omissions. If you're talking "all time," no list is serious without "Nothing Has Ever Felt Like This" by Will Downing and Rachelle Farrell; "You and I" and "Knocks Me off My Feet" by Stevie Wonder; "If This World Were Mine" by Luther Vandross and

What the hell? Who the hell? How the hell? How can your "99 Best Love Songs of All Time" list not include "Top of the World," by Kenya Grub from the soundtrack for *Menace II Society* or "Lay Your Head on My Pillow," by Toni Tony Tóné? Shame, shame, shame, VIBE!

*Dave Bee
Milwaukee, WI*

How could you forget "Computer Love" by Zapp on the list of the "99 Best Love Songs of All Time"? The beat alone makes you wanna get your grind on. It's been used like a two-dollar ho on every hip hop album, but it's still the jam.

*Edward F. Miles
Beaver Falls, PA*

SINGLED OUT

My daughter is a junior at the University of Pennsylvania. While she



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was home for the holidays I started flipping through her new issue of VIBE and ran across the "19 Top Singles of 1998." I'm over 50, and I know a beautiful song when I hear it. You rated Jagged Edge's "I Gotta Be" 15 songs too low.

Imagene
Washington, D.C.

I'm not trying to front or hate, because I love VIBE, but I'd like to know what was really going on when the "19 Best Singles of 1998" was put together? How did Beanie Man place higher than Next? I don't know who he is, but I do know he should have been last. Second of all, why were Monica and Brandy No. 7? They should have been at least No. 3. The biggest shock was when I saw that No. 17 was Marilyn Manson. He should have been 19... hundred.

Charles Donaldson
Hattiesburg, MS

I disagree with your choice for the No. 1 of "19 Best Singles of 1998," "Are You That Somebody?" by Aaliyah. The video's great choreography blew up the popularity of an otherwise average song.

Melvin Corker
Albany, NY

WU-TREATMENT

I've just been told by some brother with a sword out to slit my neck and empty my pockets that all I've done ain't enough ["When We Were Kings," by Elliott Wilson, February 1999]. You couldn't possibly know my history. All the good that I've done for our community, then you put me down in front of young ones who aspire to be like me? You should only guess where my heart is. It's invested in a career that took 12 long, hard-working years to build.

Journalism that exists in hip hop culture should be looked upon as an ongoing relationship between the two. Until then, it will slowly sink into a humiliating world of chaos—media taking stabs at rappers and rappers stabbing the media. Some folks dream of writing a story that will change a reader's life. My dream is to remain

a role model for kids who have less. Don't destroy my dream.

MC Lyte
Los Angeles, CA

After heading up the 1998 "Smoking Grooves Tour," we know we can throw a sonic touchdown when we want to. After 13 years in the game, we know you know us by now. [Public Enemy] makes its own rules. Radio-friendly jams and Trackmaster jack production will never be us. As the sole rap artists on a soundtrack for a major film, the music we created for *He Got Game* paved another road for hip hop. And Danyel [Smith] wonders why the pen of the isolated critic is increasingly becoming the victim of the artistic sword of reality? The statements about Kane, Lyte, Latifah, and etcetera were unnecessary.

Chuck D
Roosevelt, NY

Shame on you, VIBE!!! How dare you show such disrespect to some of hip hop's greatest MCs. Perhaps one of the reasons why the Big Daddy Kanes and Kool G Rap Kanes haven't blown up is because of your criticisms. Most 15-year-old hip hop heads don't have a clue about the old school. So when it's time for these old-school rappers to drop an album, they don't get half a chance just because of something the kids read in VIBE.

The history of hip hop should be documented accurately, and the journalism should be cutting-edge but not mean-spirited. If you can't do it without being counterproductive, then don't come crying to us readers the next time somebody kicks in your door.

Tony Vestal
Naples, NJ

WIGGA WHAT?

I love receiving your magazine, and I have not had a single complaint about the contents until now. In your February issue, you printed the title STRICTLY FOR MY WIGGAZ ["Strictly for My Wiggaz," by Stephen Talty, February 1999]. I wasn't upset with the article, but the title buried a negative feeling in me. I didn't understand why



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you wrote such a fatalistic title, when in your previous issues, you encouraged Jon B and Eminem to represent the way they do. Take heed of what's been said, or you might lose money from your subscribers.

*Brittany Price
Suffolk, VA*

REALITY BITES

Danyel Smith's editorial [Start, February 1999] was a complete punk move, and she has no leverage in her complaint. I don't sympathize with her violence issue. Y'all cater more to the barrel-dwelling "crabs" of our community rather than the fans that are interested in real music news. You guys mustn't forget who and what you're dealing with. Many of these artists are either thugs or wanna-be thugs. This ain't rock 'n' roll, this is hip hop—born in the ghettos and bred on the streets. Besides, it wasn't such an issue when you helped glorify the violence in this music. Now reality is slapping you in the face.

*J. Richardson
Brooklyn, NY*

MODEL BEHAVIOR

I enjoy reading VIBE, but my one complaint is some of the imagery used in its fashion photos. Case in point is the "Activate" layout in the February issue. It featured two Caucasian male models styling in the latest spring fashions. What the hell do a pair of party-faced prepies have to do with the hip hop world covered by VIBE?

*Steve Williams
Seattle, WA*

WE ALL VIBE

No disrespect to black folks or anyone else, but I'm so sick and tired of hearing that black music is strictly for black folks. I'm a white MC who loves hip hop, and I do not think VIBE should be called a magazine just for black people. Let's stop racism in magazines too.

*Joker
Billtown, MA*

MY TYPE OF NYPE

Thanks so much for the story on Full Force ["Dompepiece: Bow-legged Lou," as told to Danyel

Smith, February 1999]. I think it's about time they get their props. I have been a faithful fan of the Force since 1984. People always dissed them, but in reality they are six talented plays. I was so excited to hear they're doing another album.

*Rodney D. Easterling
Mount Olive, MS*

SENSATIONAL

As I was sitting at home flipping through the February issue of your magazine, I was suddenly taken with astonishment and perplexity ["Soul Sense Asians," by Corey Takahashi, February 1999]. Two pictures of unfamiliar Asian people not hidden in the background or posing with a celebrity? Asians featured in their own article? I never thought Asian-Americans would ever be considered a part of urban music. The closest I thought we would get are those exotic girls in music videos. Finally somebody has spoken up for us. Finally somebody has felt the struggle of trying to fuse two cultures together. I have dreamt of the day when a well-known and respected magazine would feature the efforts of Asian-Americans.

*Catzie Vileypohn
Philadelphia, PA*

CORRECTIONS

*In last month's correction box, we printed sports agent Aaron Goodwin as a board member for Sports Agents Association. However, Goodwin is in no way affiliated with the BSA.

*Last month we registered to report that Mylee ["Oh, Mylee" by Amy Linden, February 1999] is signed to Universal Music Entertainment, which is distributed through Interscope Records.

*The blue Clima Pit nylon breathable jacket by Nike was not credited in the Valenti™ story [Gear, March 1999].

*Clarification: The start-up money for the FUBU company ["Rags to Riches," by Michael Merritt, March 1999] was not derived directly or indirectly from the sale of drugs.

VIBE encourages mail and photographs from readers. Please send letters to VIBE MAIL, 215 Lexington Avenue, 8th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Include your daytime phone number, or send e-mail to vibe@vibe.com. Send photos to VIBE YOUR BEST SHOT (name, address, include your full name, address, and daytime phone number). Letters may be edited for length and clarity. Photo submissions will become the property of VIBE and will not be returned.



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drive
to hear Uncle

"Those were good times, when we were kids. Uncle George would drive up in his shiny General Motors car and a few minutes later we'd hear it...the familiar rock of the boogie-woogie, or the soulful roll of the blues. He never had lessons, but he sure taught us a few. About pride and love. About how the soul of a man can pour out through his fingertips. And about life...like when he'd say, 'Son, always buy quality. And always buy from people that show you some respect.' So, like him, I'm a GM man."

George play the piano again."

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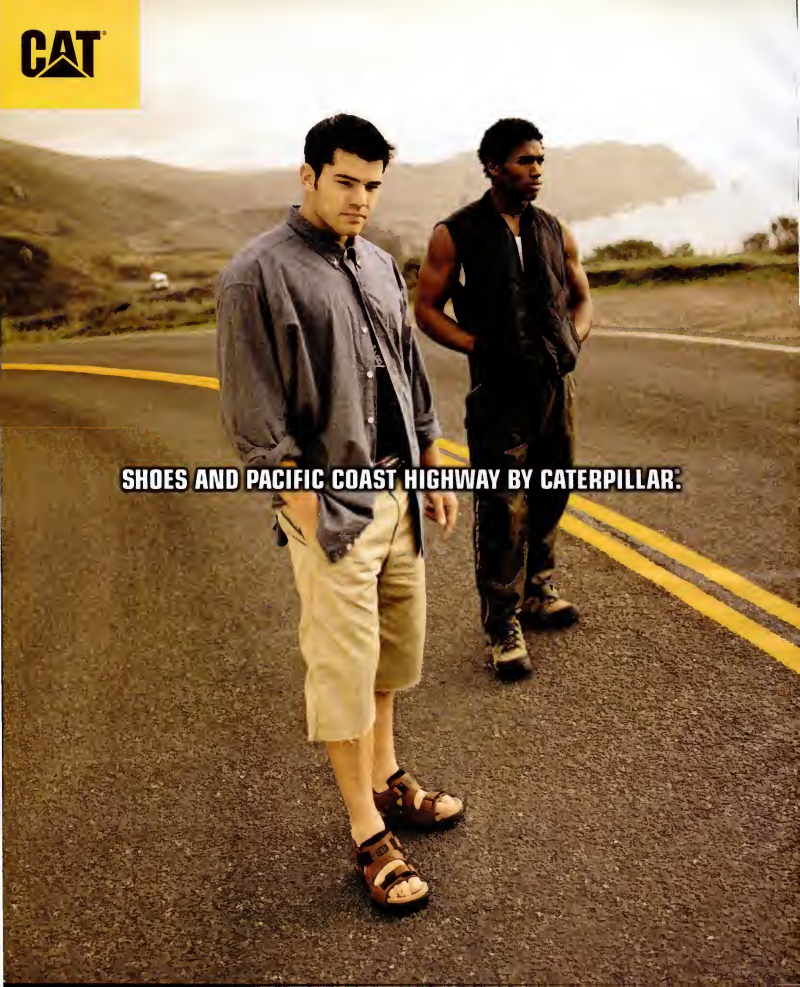
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BOUNCE WIT' ME

Carla Thomas: "Otis, you're country!"

Otis Redding: "That's good!"

("Tramp," Stax, 1967)

As an oft-maligned bumpkin transplanted to the big city, I've found it most entertaining to watch the contrivance of the "urban music" known as hip hop. For years, the genre has been defined by styles originating in either New York or Los Angeles. Lately though, there's no denying it: A distinctly southern seasoning has been keeping the clubs crunk.

It starts with an upstroke and a breakneck snare—"That's you wit' that badass Benz, huh?"—and the physical reaction is instantaneous. A sea of human pogo sticks. Heads bobbin', titties shakin', booties bumpin'—the party is on. From Killa Cali to windy Chi-town to gritty Gotham, bodies are jiggin' to the gumbo rhythms of Juvenile's "Ha" or the Hotlanta harmonica funk of OutKast's "Rosa Parks."

'Course, there was a time when southern styles weren't so welcome elsewhere. Not long ago such sounds were considered silly and unsophisticated. A twangy drawl was taken for stupidity.

But in 1993, the perpetual motion of Goodie Mob's national hit "Cell Therapy" (doom de doomp doomp doomp) heralded a change to come. Over the past two years, northerners have been eased into the

combread cradle by the clicky-clack drum patterns—like a Casio keyboard's "bossa nova" setting—of Virginia's Timbaland. Master P, meanwhile, has imported a gazillion dollars worth of Louisiana street heat to colder climes by platinum-plated tank.

Nowadays, northerners boast of the 'bama branches in their family trees ("Ya' heard?"), and city folk cop the dance moves of their country cousins. Who woulda thunk the double-time bounce beats found on "Can I Get A..." and "Nigga What, Nigga Who" would propel a penultimate New Yorker like Jay-Z to the height of his rap career? And new rump shakers from Big Apple stalwarts Foxy Brown, Nas, and Mobb Deep prove that a dirty southern sensibility has bored its way to hip hop's very core.

So y'all big city slickers may never join us in our spades game, you might never learn to pronounce the letter "R" as "ar-uh" or understand the beauty of a Brougham on Vogues. But when I see a club full of cosmopolitan party people bump and jump as Jigga begs, "Bounce wit me, bounce wit me," it sure seems the South has risen again.

Minya Oh with David Bry

Secret Vocodering

"It's just what you wanted / Something funky and haunted"

—Whodini, "Haunted House of Rock (Vocoder Version)" (Jive, 1983)

Intruder alert! This area's code is spoken for—by the Vocoder. This android-voiced instrument is the link between the arcade classic *Berserk*, 14th-century monks, and hip hop. Recently deployed on OutKast's "Synthesizer," Beastie Boys' "Intergalactic," and new albums by Blackstreet and Mountain Brothers, the Vocoder is the phonetic hookup between pre-WWII innovation and future shockin' MCs.

Invented by Bell Labs research physicist Homer Dudley, the Vocoder debuted at the 1939 World's Fair, a mere 18 years after Czech writer Karel Capek coined the term "robot." The Vocoder, Dudley wrote, "derives voice codes to re-create the speech which it analyzes." Intended to enhance clarity over telephone lines, the Vocoder (originally called "Pedro the Voder") was a big metal box that, triggered by a keyboard, reduced the signal of the human voice so it could travel through constrained frequencies. At the transmission's end, the original "sampled" signal was reconstructed, resulting in gravely, robotic sonics.

In 1948 Dudley visited Germany's Bonn University, where director of phonetics Werner Meyer-Eppler recognized the Vocoder's musical potential; Meyer-Eppler's writings in turn inspired the German "Elektronische Musik" movement. In 1978, Kraftwerk, Germany's Kling-klang

gangs of elevated muzik, put the Vocoder on wax with "Die Mensch-Maschine" (Electrola/EMI). In 1981 the Vocoder hit No. 2 on the U.K. charts with performance artist Laurie Anderson's "O Superman" (Warner Bros.). Then the sinister synth invaded television inside *Battlestar Galactica*'s Cylons, and video games via the character Evil Otto in *Berserk*. By 1987, the Berlin Wall featured a block-long graffiti mural immortalizing Jonzun Crew, electro hip hop's vocoding avatars.



Using the Roland SVC 350 (a slim-line model in comparison to Dudley's original monolith), Jonzun Crew's "Pack Jam (Look Out for the OVC)" (Tommy Boy, 1982) blasted aural asteroids. Via vocoded phone, Crew chief Michael Jonzun, one-time sound tech for Sun Ra's Arkestra, explains: "My inspiration came from this old guy who had thyroid cancer. He had his hole in his throat and spoke through what looked like a Ban-Roi-On stick. He'd chase us kids with this scary voice."

Before these afro-futura Imagineers



FIVE VOCODER CLASSICS: "London Bridge Is Falling Down"—Nutcracker (Jive, 1982); "Scorpio"—Grandmaster Flash & the Furious Five (Sugarcane, 1982); "Jam the Box"—Pretty Tony Blunt: Specialists, 1984; "The Def Jam"—Jazzy Jay (Def Jam, 1985); "Blaze Mechanics"—MC A.D.E. (4 Right, 1986)

plugged into the Vocoder, though, '70s arena rocker Peter Frampton and the funklorian Roger Troutman (Zapp) mutated their voices with a gadget called the Talkbox. (In the 1995 video for Dr. Dre and Tupac's "California Love," Troutman can be seen Talkboxin'.) The device looks like a crazy straw and sounds like Froggy from *The Little Rascals*. "As you speak into the Talkbox," Crew's Jonzun delineates, "sound is produced simultaneously. With the Vocoder you have to enunciate and depress the keyboard a millisecond before you speak. You have to anticipate the point

of entry to get the words out on time."

Another vocoding mof was Rammellzee, a.k.a. "Evolution Griller," whose classic 12-inch "Beat Bop" (Profile, 1983) was produced by Jean-Michel Basquiat. Today E Griller trills, "Those 14th-century monks were human Vocoderos, boss!" M.I.T. professor of electrical engineering Dr. Kenneth Stevens validates: "The Tibetan monks made their vocal cords vibrate at a very low frequency and shaped their mouths in such a way that certain harmonics were enhanced." Thus history's voice reveals itself. Code read, science dicton. *David Tompkins*

START



It's a Bootyful Thing

Comin' for dat ass has long been one of music video's reason for being. As a staple of exploitative TV, hip hop's "booty clip" has endlessly reworked its base ingredients—girls in bikinis, sunshine, low-riders, cars, water hoses, champagne, more girls in bikinis—to ridiculously memorable effect.



Leave it to Chris Cunningham, radical London-based video director of Madonna's "Frozen" and Portishead's "Only You," to subvert the form entirely. In "Windowlicker," his new clip for techno imager the Aphex Twin, Cunningham turns fantasy into nightmare, replacing the booty girls' faces with the maniacal mug of the Aphex Twin. This hilarious parody gives us pause to look back at some classics of the genre:

ERIC B. & RAKIM, "Don't Sweat the Technique" (4th & B'way, 1990)

Key Booty Aspect: Eric B.'s inability to open his eyes more than halfway despite eye-popping companions
WRECKX-N-EFFECT, "Rump Shaker" (Motown, 1992)
Key Booty Aspect: Booty girl displays non-booty skill by playing saxophone.

GEORGE MICHAEL, "Faith" (Sony, 1988)

Key Booty Aspect: George's totally '80s bleach-streaked jeans

DAVID LEE ROTH, "California Girls" (Warner Bros., 1986)

Key Booty Aspect: Dave coyly shucking an ear of corn in front of "Midwest farmer's daughter"

SIR MIX-A-LOT, "Baby Got Back" (Def American, 1991)

Key Booty Aspect: Mix-A-Lot's comment "36-24-36! Only if she's 5 foot 3." E.U., "Da Butt" (Virgin, 1989)

Key Booty Aspect: First booty video by a director with absolutely no ass whatsoever, Spike Lee



ACQUA DI GIÒ

FOR MEN

GIORGIO ARMANI

Macy's



One Louvre

Ever since Lee Quinones and Fab 5 visited that art gallery in *Wild Style* (1982), funky beats and fine art have gone together like peanut butter and bananas. With this fortuitous connection in mind, we've recast some of pop music's major icons within the frameworks of some of high art's most identifiable movements. So light up a Dutch Master in honor of the Dutch Masters, and take a stroll through VIBE's gallery of big puns.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTOPH NIEMANN FOR VIBE



ICE CUBISM

Inspired by: Juan Gris' "Glasses, Newspaper and a Bottle of Wine" (1913)



THE KING OF POP ART

Inspired by: Roy Lichtenstein's "Drowning Girl" (1963)



INSPECTAH ART DECO

Inspired by: the work of Dennis Abbe



B-SURREALISM

Inspired by: Salvador Dali's "The Burning Giraffe" (1936-1937)



Q-TIP THE ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM

Inspired by: Jackson Pollock's "Blue Poles; Number 11, 1952"



Inspired by: Francis Picabia's "Parade Amoureuse" (1917)



† (SYMBOLISM)

Inspired by: Odilon Redon's "The Cyclops" (1898-1900)

On the Ultramagnetic MCs' song "Ease Back," from their debut LP *Critical Beatdown* (Next Plateau, 1988), Kool Keith proclaimed, "Ain't that something / I'm the best MC in the whole wide world!" I believed him back then, and I think the statement still holds true today. Keith's ability to rhyme off the head, tell stories, rock a crowd live, and make incredibly progressive records makes him unparalleled in MC history. No other MC has ever made me laugh so much or try so hard to memorize his lyrics.

Although the beats he's rhymed over as a solo artist may not be as memorable as those on the first Ultramagnetic LP, Keith's new solo album, *Black Elvis/Lost in Space* (Ruffhouse/Columbia), finds him as surreal and insightful as ever. Radio-controlled alligators.

Spoonie Gee and the Treacherous Three—"New Rap Language" (Enjoy, 1980)

K: Hmmm...It's not Pumpkin & the All Stars. It's on the Enjoy label.... "New Language," something produced by Bobby Robinson.

B: "New Rap Language" by the Treacherous Three.

K: Yeah, I remember that. Afrika Bambaataa used to rock

that. That was some real Bronx/Harlem shit from back in the day. Afrika Islam would spin that too.

B: What do you think of this song lyrically?

K: "The nonstopping rhythm rocking." It was a shorter cadence of "keep going" rapping. It was a continuous flow, a style that is still prominent.

B: Do you feel Treacherous were the pioneers of it?

K: Oh yeah, they were one of the first to use big words and offbeat style. Everybody else was just on straight counts saying, "Yes, yes 'y'all."

B: On their song "Action," Special K said, "Rhyme sayer like a mayor like Ed Koch." I think they originated compound rhymes within a line.

K: Groups at that time were concentrating on routines and chants, while Treacherous concentrated on lyrics.

B: How did that affect you?

K: The first record I ever bought was theirs—"Gotte Rock" (Sugarhill, 1985).

B: It's buggy because a lot of MCs today think they're innovative, but they don't understand that Treacherous were doing continuous flows almost 20 years ago.

K: You hear rappers talking about how much champagne they can drink now, but back in the day guys like Big Daddy Kane, Rakim on "No Competition," and T. La Rock did it with style and cadence.

Organized Konfusion—"Releasing Hypnotical Gases" (Hollywood Basic, 1991)

K: That's Organized Konfusion, "Hypnotical Gases." That's a working cadence. He's sitting down beforehand to write that. Nobody works that hard anymore.

B: When I interviewed Rakim I asked him if he knew of them. He knew their single "Stress,"

but I recommended he get into their album cuts.

K: O.K. (1991) was a dope album.

People slept on it.

B: I'm glad you're up on it.

K: You know I know, I listen.

B: You don't just listen, you inspect.

K: You can hear this in the year 2002, and it'll still sound new.

B: What I like about it is that it's a fast cadence to a fast beat. Most MCs can only do a fast cadence to a slow beat. I also think it's wack when an MC can only do a fast cadence in the studio because they have punch-ins, but they can't do it live.

K: That's why I loved "R.A.W." by Big Daddy Kane (Prizm, 1987).

Billy Idol—"Flesh for Fantasy" (Chrysalis, 1983)

K: That was a change of pace! Who the fuck is this? I used to hear this in strip clubs, but I never knew the name. That's some sail-in-a-yacht-type shit, eating a salad and you have nothing to do. It's very rich sounding. Tennis shoes and a mansion. You got a captain hat on.

B: Like Captain & Tennille.

K: Like, "Ah, the world is mine." This is a record for shaving your face.

John Travolta—"Greased Lightning" (RSO, 1978)

K: That's some Johnny Rockets drink-emilkshake shit, drive up in a '55 Chevy. Is this Elvis?

B: Neh, it's from the film *Grease* (Paramount, 1978).

K: That's some shake-your-wet-hair-and-let-the-grease-sweat-drip-all-over-you. RSO Records, that's the label that put out "Disco Duck." You know about that?

B: I'm embarrassed to say, but, yeah, my sister had that record.

DJ Kazimir featuring Carol C—"Dear Prudence" (Smile, 1998)

K: That's a dope loop. Where did you find this?

B: There's a drum 'n' bass store called Breakbeat Science right next to my store, Footwork, in New York.

K: That's some different shit. I like drum 'n' bass. Happy pianos. This song sounds like you're in a supermarket buying your soup. It's very shoppable! You'd hear it at A & P or Pathmark.

B: You're killing me! I don't think those stores are playing drum 'n' bass yet.



Bobbito (left) with Kool Keith. One of the so men is Black Elvis

PHOTOGRAPH BY LESLIE DELA VEGA



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Big Problems in the Big House?

Why the Y2K computer bug may be the toughest offender ever to enter our nation's prisons

"I'll open every cell in Attica," rapped Nas on "If I Ruled the World (Imagine That)," but come 2000, if Y2K-crazed computers rule the world, could such a cell-opening scenario actually become a reality?

"The doors are going to swing open?" laughs Michael Patrick Moore, a computer programmer locked up in Utah's Draper prison for the past 18 years on a murder rap. "That's most unlikely." Moore's cell door is controlled manually. "I mean, our life just goes on day by day. Year 2000 will come and go, and the gates will still be locked." But there *are* problems.

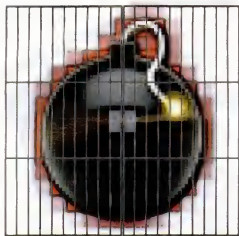
The Year 2000 bug is a programming flaw that could cause time-sensitive computer programs everywhere to confuse the year 2000 with the year 1900 and, therefore, crash. The biggest problem facing prisons is that millions of programmed computer chips are deeply embedded in security systems.

"The higher the level of security, the more significant the electronics," says Bill Caver, a Texas-based computer software consultant. "The risk [of systems failure] increases in the units that keep the most violent felons."

Prisons are also vulnerable to computer problems at local power plants. "If the power to prisons is out for more than a few days, there would be problems with heating and food supplies," says Ed Yourdon, coauthor of *Time Bomb 2000* (Prentice Hall, 1999). "Really, [these are] the same concerns that an apartment dweller in New York City will have."

Then there are the toilets. During a lockdown, the water for toilets is shut off by a central computer. An official at the Department of Criminal Justice in Huntsville, Tex., speaking on the condition of anonymity, says that "because of the unknowns" the state plans a full lockdown. Such lockdowns on New Year's Eve 2000 are expected in prisons across the country. Even after these New Year's lockdowns are ended, Y2K glitches could keep the toilets off, increasing tensions on the inside.

Death-row inmates scheduled for execu-



tion in 2000 should not expect a reprieve. For prison management, preparation is key. In October 1998, the University of Texas at Austin hosted a widely attended conference addressing the issue of Y2K problems in prison systems and in law enforcement. The Arizona State Department of Corrections, for one, has increased its budget for fixing the Y2K problem from less than \$1 million last year to more than \$3.5 million for 1999. But no amount of money can buy more time. Some states have less time than others.

According to Caver, tests in several western states have shown that the clocks programmed into some security systems are running fast. For these systems it is already November 1999, leaving only two months to repair the program before the system crashes. Lawrence Johnson, project leader for embedded chips at the Arizona State Department of Corrections, has one word for Caver's fast-clock theory: "Bull."

"The only problem we face with Y2K is when the general public panics," says Johnson. While Arizona is among the states planning to contact inmates' relatives to assure them that the prison will be prepared come 2000, Kevin M. Rhodes, a California Correctional inmate, comments, "The sad part is that not one official has made even a passing reference to a plan that may save our lives."

But Johnson says, "There will be beating and food. Our prisons are going to be safer than the outside world."

Michael Rey

Tours de Farce

This spring season, the package tour is live entertainment's biggest come-on, with multiple-artist shows on the road such as R. Kelly and Monica; Lauryn Hill and OutKast; Marilyn Manson, Incubus and Monster Magnet; Jay-Z, Redman, Method Man, and Black Star; and the Roots. While these match-ups certainly sound like winners, here are a few package tours for some other package tours we'd love to see:

TOUR: "Make 'Em Say Aaaaah"

ARTISTS: Master P, Yukmouth

SPONSORS: American Dental Association, Crest

SPECIAL EVENT: Orthodontic professionals will brew hand in the concourse area to perform gold capping and diamond-tooth inlays, as Soulja Slim drives the No Limit tank into battle versus Cavity Creeps in the parking lot.



TOUR: "Everything Starts With M"

ARTISTS: Monica, Monifah, Michelle, Mya, Miss K

SPONSORS: M&Ms

SPECIAL EVENT: During all-starring-along of "MMMBo", misogynist rap spot Eminem bum-rushes the stage—only to melt under the hot lights.



TOUR: "Handyman & the Ladies Who Love Them"

ARTISTS: Hammer, Nine Inch Nails, Lady Saw, Tool

SPONSORS: Home Depot, Black & Decker; emceed by Bob Vila

SPECIAL EVENT: Following the after party, E-40 will be giving away cans of WD-40.



TOUR: "Long Buffet's Journey Into Night"

ARTISTS: Korn, Cake, Limp Bizkit with Eagle Eye Cherry on top

SPONSORS: Gas-X, Pepto-Bismol, Kapectate

SPECIAL EVENT: Food stamps redeemable for tour shirts. When bands mysteriously disappear, Fat Joe and Big Pun found backstage suffering from indigestion.



TOUR: "Playa Station"

ARTISTS: The entire Bad Boy roster

SPONSORS: Sega, M&M

SPECIAL EVENT: Giveaway of limited-edition Mario 64-Carat video game starring Mario as Mario and PuTTY as Luigi. Attempt to rescue Total, drop bags on the Lox, and win L!F Kim's wig during "Escape From Harlem World" bonus round.





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VIBE confidential EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW BEFORE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW IT



As you know, kiddies, where there is fire, there is **VC**. And so, this past January, we found ourselves down in Miami at that towering inferno known as the Super Bowl. We don't know how or when this annual belch 'n' hurt testosterone became such a hip hop free-for-all, but what with **Puff**'s throwdown on Thursday, Un Rivera and Uncle Luke's Friday fete, Tommy Hilfiger's shindig on Saturday, and, finally, Russell Simmons's and Punkmaster Flex's Sunday soires (pshw!), **VC** had to buy up all these metropolitans and kava kava in South Beach just to survive. But as we scarfed down honeradishy

oysters at the Hotel Astor (Luke's favorite spot), we always kept in mind our duty to feed you, dear readers, tidbits just as spicy. (More hot sauce, please!)... So, having peeped Q-Tip's transformation from cowrie shell-wearing hip hoper to downtown society daffing, **VC** now sees that not only is the Abstract Poet one of Tommy Hilfiger's new poster children, alongside teenyboppers Brinney Spears and Jerome, but he is reportedly also launching a multimedia company with club-hopping cohort Leo DiCaprio. Just imagine: *Electric Relaxation*, a romantic comedy. Or *Club Moomba*, the soundtrack... Speaking of new partnerships, the current must-have accessory for superstar divas isn't a Fendi croissant bag or a Star Jones hairpiece—no, ladies, you've got to get yourself a Latin lover! **VC** hears that both Mariah Carey and Jennifer Lopez are doing the proverbial mambo with new Latin beaux. Jenny, who seems to be over her "bad boy" phase, has been spotted with swarthy boy toy Joaquin Cortes. While Cortes is an acclaimed flamenco dancer, **VC** remembers him best as the man who had Naomi Campbell whipped like cream. Mariah, on the other hand, was reportedly sighted stirring up Acapulco with the "Elvis of Mexico," crooner Luis Miguel. But other gossip has Mariah linked with the lead rapper from unknown group the Negro League, who were signed to her defunct label, Crave. You might remember this stud riding a motorcycle, straddled by Mariah, in the video for "Sweetheart," her duet with Jermaine Dupri. While **VC** isn't sure that he's Latin, we are certain that he looks good! And sometimes that's all that really counts.... But, then, this is all off the record, strictly on the Q.T., and of course, very hush-hush.

ILLUSTRATION BY MEEGAN BARNES

HARD KNOCK NEWS



THE PRICE OF BLAME

On December 28, 1991, nine people were crushed to death and 29 were injured during a charity basketball event at City College of New York. Now, seven years later, Sean "Puffy" Combs and Dwight "Heavy D" Myers jointly have been found 50 percent

responsible for the tragedy. Court of Claims Judge Louis Benza deemed the City University of New York system responsible for the other 50 percent.

Billed as "The Heavens vs. the Puff Daddy All Stars," the apparently over-sold event turned into a nightmare when stampeding fans created a death trap in a stairwell. Combs, according to the January 5, 1992 *New York Times* "contended that most of those who died could have been saved if the police... had entered the gym at his behest."

However, Judge Benza ruled that the crush was "caused by the acts or omissions of Sean Combs and Dwight Myers." But since the Court of Claims only deals with cases against the State of New York and its subdivisions, it is unable to assess monetary damages against the two rap stars.

START

Who's dat girl?

Abella Gomez Gotay:
Actress/stuntwoman, 21
Gemini from Flushing, Queens



Directed by Hype Williams's protégé, Little X, the video for Redman's "I'll Be Dat" (Def Jam, 1999) is one of the funniest sets of vignettes ever: Redman doing step aerobics with plus-size women; fellas spitting up Redman cake; Redman launching his lingerie line, "Reggie's Secret." But in the middle of the video the bangle 'beat stops, and a pretty girl on a bicycle cruises down the street. She waves at Redman and chums as a slow jam plays: "Nine months she carried the seed / Once was a dream / Coulda been a king." Then, in a flash—crash!—the poignancy turns to pain. When's the last time a fly stuntwoman made you cry?

"They decided to show my face, but I was originally hired just to do the stunt."



I competed nationally as a gymnast, and that enabled me to know what to do. I did 15 takes wearing no padding whatsoever. I had bruises on my legs, and the biggest bruise was on my right forearm, which got hit with the bicycle handlebars every time I did the stunt. One take, I actually hit my head on the rear window. But in the end the bicycle was worse off than I was."



V LIVE

SEAL December 15, 1998 Avalon, Boston

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE MIRARCHI

Seal's sound is one of elegance and hypnotic precision. And on a brisk December evening, before a rapt Boston audience, this three-time Grammy winner and sensitive soul man played a warm-up date for the upcoming world tour of his latest release, *Human Beings* (Warner Bros., 1998). Making his fans go just a little crazy, London-born Sealhenry Samuel strummed the acoustic guitar alongside a six-piece band that featured E-Street Band alum David Sancious on keyboards and guitarist Michael Landau, formerly of James Taylor's group. As his raspy baritone delivered impassioned renditions of signature tunes such as "Kiss From a Rose," from the soundtrack for the movie *Batman Forever* (Atlantic, 1995), the always sensuous Seal heated up the New England night. Ayana D. Byrd



START

If you're HIV+ ...

CRIXIVAN may help you live a longer, healthier life.



CRIXIVAN is a protease inhibitor that fights HIV. CRIXIVAN can help reduce the chance of illnesses and death associated with HIV. CRIXIVAN can also help lower the amount of HIV in your body (called "viral load") and raise your CD4 T-cell count. Some patients may not experience these effects. CRIXIVAN is not a cure for HIV or AIDS.

■ **New NIH research showed people taking CRIXIVAN in triple therapy lived longer and experienced fewer opportunistic infections.**

Recent year-long research conducted by the National Institutes of Health (Protocol ACTG 320) studied over 1,000 patients and confirmed results from another study. The group of patients receiving CRIXIVAN along with 3TC and AZT achieved a reduction in deaths and AIDS-defining illnesses over those taking 3TC and AZT alone. This reduction was significant enough for the NIH to recommend the study be stopped, so that all participants could benefit from the findings. Because the study was ended early, there was insufficient data to determine the statistical impact of CRIXIVAN on survival.

■ **CRIXIVAN in triple therapy continues to hold serum viral load down below the limit of detection at the one year mark.**

In a separate, ongoing landmark study, over 90% of the 31 patients receiving CRIXIVAN, AZT, and 3TC reduced their HIV serum viral load below the limit of detection after 24 weeks (as measured by available tests; the virus may still be present in other organ systems). Importantly, the limited number of patients who chose to stay with the study for longer periods of time maintained these results through the one year mark.

■ **CRIXIVAN is generally well tolerated.**

CRIXIVAN can be taken with a light meal or on an empty stomach. There are side effects associated with protease inhibitors in general and CRIXIVAN in particular. Some patients treated with CRIXIVAN may develop kidney stones. For some, this can lead to more severe kidney problems including kidney failure. Drinking at least 6 glasses of water each day may help reduce the chance of forming a kidney stone. Other side effects reported include rapid breakdown of red blood cells and liver problems. There are some common medications and AIDS-related medications you should not take with CRIXIVAN. Discuss all medications you are taking or plan to take with your doctor. As with other protease inhibitors, increased bleeding in some patients with hemophilia and increased blood sugar levels or diabetes have been reported. Please read the following page for detailed information on side effects and dosing.

Please read the following page for more detailed information about CRIXIVAN.

**Remember to
ask your doctor
about CRIXIVAN.**

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Patient Information about CRIXIVAN[®] (KRIK-sih-van) for HIV (Human Immunodeficiency Virus) Infection Generic name: Indinavir (in-DIH-nuh-veer) sulfate

Please read this information before you start taking CRIXIVAN. Also, you should read the information included with CRIXIVAN each time you receive your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this information does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss CRIXIVAN when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups. You should remain under a doctor's care when using CRIXIVAN and should not change or stop treatment without first talking with your doctor.

What is CRIXIVAN?

CRIXIVAN is an oral capsule used for the treatment of HIV (human immunodeficiency virus). HIV is the virus that causes AIDS (acquired immune deficiency syndrome). CRIXIVAN is a type of HIV drug called a protease (PRO-tee)ase inhibitor.

How does CRIXIVAN work?

CRIXIVAN is a protease inhibitor that lights HIV. CRIXIVAN can help reduce your chances of getting illnesses associated with HIV. CRIXIVAN can also help lower the amount of HIV in your body (called "viral load") and raise your CD4 (T) cell count. CRIXIVAN may not have these effects in all patients. CRIXIVAN is usually prescribed with other anti-HIV drugs such as ZDV (also called AZT), 3TC, ddC, ddI, or d4T. CRIXIVAN works differently from these other anti-HIV drugs. Talk with your doctor about how you should take CRIXIVAN.

CRIXIVAN has been studied in adults. The safety and effectiveness of CRIXIVAN in children and adolescents have not been established.

How should I take CRIXIVAN?

There are six important things you must do to help you benefit from CRIXIVAN:

1. Take CRIXIVAN capsules every day as prescribed by your doctor. Continue taking CRIXIVAN unless your doctor tells you to stop. Take the exact amount of CRIXIVAN that your doctor tells you to take, right from the very start. To help make sure you will benefit from CRIXIVAN, you must not skip doses or take "drug holidays." If you don't take CRIXIVAN as prescribed, the activity of CRIXIVAN may be reduced (due to resistance).
2. Take CRIXIVAN capsules every 8 hours around the clock, every day, it may be easier to remember to take CRIXIVAN if you take it at the same time every day. If you have questions about when to take CRIXIVAN, your doctor or health care provider can help you decide what schedule works for you.
3. When you miss a dose by more than 2 hours, wait and then take the next dose at the regularly scheduled time. However, if you miss a dose less than 2 hours, take your missed dose immediately. Then take your next dose at the regularly scheduled time. Do not take more or less than your prescribed dose of CRIXIVAN at any one time.
4. Take CRIXIVAN with water. You can also take CRIXIVAN with other beverages such as skim or non-fat milk, juice, coffee, or tea.
5. Ideally, take each dose of CRIXIVAN without food but with water at least one hour before or two hours after a meal. Or you can take CRIXIVAN with a light meal. Examples of light meals include:
 - dry toast with jelly, juice, and coffee with skim or non-fat milk and sugar if you want
 - corn flakes with skim or non-fat milk and sugar
6. It is critical that you drink at least six 8-ounce glasses of liquid (preferably water) throughout the day, every day. CRIXIVAN can cause kidney stones. Having enough fluids in your body should help reduce the chances of forming a kidney stone. Call your doctor or other health care provider if you develop kidney pains (medicate to lower stomach or back pain) or blood in the urine.

Does CRIXIVAN cure HIV or AIDS?

CRIXIVAN is not a cure for HIV or AIDS. People taking CRIXIVAN may still develop infections or other conditions associated with HIV. Because of this, it is very important for you to remain under the care of a doctor. Although CRIXIVAN is not a cure for HIV or AIDS, CRIXIVAN can help reduce your chances of getting illnesses, including death, associated with HIV. CRIXIVAN may not have these effects in all patients.

Does CRIXIVAN reduce the risk of passing HIV to others?

CRIXIVAN has not been shown to reduce the risk of passing HIV to others through sexual contact or blood contamination.

Who should not take CRIXIVAN?

Do not take CRIXIVAN if you have had a serious allergic reaction to CRIXIVAN or any of its components.

What other medical problems or conditions should I discuss with my doctor?

Talk to your doctor if:

- You are pregnant or if you become pregnant while you are taking CRIXIVAN. You do not yet know how CRIXIVAN affects pregnant women or their developing babies.
- You are breastfeeding. You should stop breast-feeding if you are taking CRIXIVAN.
- Also talk to your doctor if you have:
 - Problems with your liver, especially if you have mild or moderate liver disease caused by cirrhosis.
 - Problems with your kidneys.
 - Diabetes.
 - Hemophilia.

Tell your doctor about any medicines you are taking or plan to take, including non-prescription medicines.

This medication is prescribed for a particular condition. Do not use it for any other condition or give it to anybody else. Keep CRIXIVAN and all medicines out of the reach of children. If you suspect that you or someone else has taken this medicine has been taken, contact your local poison control center or emergency room immediately.

This provides a summary of information about CRIXIVAN. If you have any questions or concerns about either CRIXIVAN or HIV, talk to your doctor.

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Can CRIXIVAN be taken with other medications?*

Drugs you should not take with CRIXIVAN:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| SELDANE [®] (terfenadine) | HEMISALAT [®] (acetaminophen) |
| VERSED [®] (midazolam) | HALCION [®] (triazolam) |
| PROPRALOL [®] (propranolol) | Ergot medications (e.g., Wigraine [®] and Cafergot [®]) |
| EPHED [®] (ephedrine, 3TC) | Taking CRIXIVAN with the above medications could result in <u>serious or life-threatening problems</u> (such as irregular heartbeat or excessive sleepiness). |
- In addition, you should not take CRIXIVAN with rifampin, known as RIFAMPIN[®], RIFAMATE[®], REATER[®], or RIACTINE[®].

Drugs you can take with CRIXIVAN include:

- | | |
|---|---|
| RETROVIR [®] (zidovudine, ZDV also called AZT) | BIAXIN [®] (claritromycin) |
| TAGAMET [®] (cimetidine) | isoniazid (INH) |
| OPICUVAN [®] (fluconazole) | ORTH-NOVUM 1/35 [®] (oral contraceptive) |
| BACTRIM [®] /SEPTRA [®] (trimethoprim/sulfamethoxazole) | ZERT [®] (nifedipine, d4T) |
| VIDEX [®] (didanosine, ddI) — If you take CRIXIVAN with VIDEX [®] , take them at least one hour apart. | |
| MYCOBUTIN [®] (rifabutin) — If you take CRIXIVAN with MYCOBUTIN [®] , your doctor may adjust both the MYCOBUTIN and the dose of CRIXIVAN. | |
| NIZORAL [®] (ketoconazole) — If you take CRIXIVAN with NIZORAL [®] , your doctor may adjust the dose of CRIXIVAN. | |
- Talk to your doctor about any questions you are asking.

What are the possible side effects of CRIXIVAN?

Like all prescription drugs, CRIXIVAN can cause side effects. The following is not a complete list of side effects reported with CRIXIVAN when taken either alone or with other anti-HIV drugs. Do not rely on this page alone for information about side effects. Your doctor can discuss with you a more complete list of side effects.

Some patients treated with CRIXIVAN developed kidney stones. In some of these patients this led to more severe kidney problems, including kidney failure or inflammation of the kidneys. Drinking at least six 8-ounce glasses of liquid (preferably water) each day should help reduce the chances of forming a kidney stone. Call your doctor or other health care provider if you develop kidney pains (medicate to lower stomach or back pain) or blood in the urine.

Some patients treated with CRIXIVAN have had rapid breakdown of red blood cells (hemolytic anemia) which in some cases was severe or resulted in death.

Some patients treated with CRIXIVAN have had liver problems including liver failure and death. Some patients had other diseases or were taking other drugs. It is unclear if CRIXIVAN caused these liver problems. Outbreaks and high blood sugar (hyperglycemia) have occurred in patients taking protease inhibitors. In some of these patients, this led to ketoacidosis, a serious condition caused by poorly controlled blood sugar. Some patients had diabetes before starting protease inhibitors; others did not. Some patients required adjustments to their diabetes medication. Others needed new diabetes medication.

In some patients with hemophilia, increased bleeding has been reported.

Clinical Studies

Increases in bilirubin (a laboratory test of liver function) have been reported in approximately 10% of patients. In this finding has not been associated with liver problems. However, on rare occasions, a person may develop yellowing of the skin and/or eyes.

Side effects occurring in 2% or more of patients include: abdominal pain, fatigue or weakness, flank pain, feeling unwell, nausea, diarrhea, vomiting, acid regurgitation, loss of appetite, dry mouth, back pain, headache, trouble sleeping, dizziness, taste changes, rash, upper respiratory infection, dry skin, and sore throat.

Swollen kidneys due to blocked urine flow occurred rarely.

Masking Experience

Other side effects reported since CRIXIVAN has been marketed include: abdominal swelling; inflammation of the kidneys; increased fat appearing in areas such as the neck, abdomen, and back; change in skin color; severe skin reactions; hair loss; crystals in the urine; and allergic reactions.

Tell your doctor promptly about these or any other unusual symptoms. If the condition persists or worsens, seek medical attention.

How should I store CRIXIVAN capsules?

- Keep CRIXIVAN capsules in the bottle they came in and at room temperature (59°F-86°F).
- Keep CRIXIVAN capsules dry by keeping the small desiccant "pillow" in the bottle. Keep the bottle closed.



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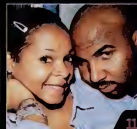
Sweet Thang



1. Nothing really matters at all to Lauryn Hill when she's with her beau, Rohan Marley. They're enjoying a reception held at N.Y.C.'s Emporio Armani boutique for the singer's nonprofit organization, The Refugee Project. 2. Trifling girlfriends better not try to come between Kelly Price and her husband/manager, Jeffrey Rolle, shown at Philly's WDAS-FM Unity Day. 3. Teddy Riley chills with fiancée Donna Roberts after a Blackstreet performance at Manhattan's Spy Bar.



4. The legendary Roberta Flack gets her groove back with her boo, Winston Palmer. The lovebirds enjoy an evening stroll in Montego Bay during the annual Jazz Festival. 5. Behind every Bad Boy there's gotta be a good woman. P Diddy knows when to pucker up and give his lovely lady, Kim Porter, props. 6. Ice Cube might push rhymes like weight, but when it comes to his wife, Kim, he pushes nothin' but love. 7. Sean Lennon and girlfriend Yuka Honda (member of Japanese group Cibo Matto) might as well be auditioning for a Big Red commercial. 8. It takes a special lady to calm this Terror Squad. Fat Joe snuggles his boricua, Lorena, like a true *papi chulo*. 9. Regina King has lots of practice on the big screen playing wifey, but she doesn't have to pretend with husband Ian Alexander. 10. Jon B and his special



missus, Music, dine at Blue Restaurant in New York. 11. Def Squad manager Bernard Alexander nuzzles his lovely wife, celebrity hairstylist Felicia. She works with hair all day, so she probably prefers her man sexy and bald. 12. A ill' public display of affection is always fun, but perhaps newlyweds Russell Simmons and Kimora Lee should get a room, maybe? They're at the launch party for Phat Farm's Baby Phat Jewelry line at 76 Restaurant. Sexy, Russell!

Kenya N. Byrd

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This Is How We Do It



1. A reverent Busby Rhymes gives new meaning to his lyrics, *You think I had enough? / Give me some more* (12). Novelist Walter Mosley writes Black Star's entrepreneurial Mos Def and Talib Kweli at their Brooklyn-based Nikru Books. 3. Protect ya neck! David Boreanaz, better known as *Buff the Vampire Slayer*'s bloodsucking boyfriend, Angel, looks like he wants to take a bite out of Tyra Banks during a benefit at The Original Live's Store (11). In N.Y.C. 4. The Colombian rock *español* group Bloque gives an impromptu performance backstage at Shine in N.Y.C. 5. Since Cam'ron (center) knows all about treating women to horse-and-carriage rides, it's only natural that he hook up with Reel Tight for the remix of their chart-busting single, "Do You Wanna Ride." 6. Girl power! Roseanne and Faith Evans do some serious bonding at the Apollo Theatre's Tree of Hope for a taped segment of Roseanne's talk show. 7. Hot producer Rodney Jerkins and salsa superstar Marc Anthony can't think of a reason not to smile at the Grammy nominations ceremony held at the Big Apple's China Club. 8. Jigga keeps it tight. With that much ice around your wrist, who needs barbells? 9. At this year's American Music Awards (left to right) Mobb Deep's Prodigy and Havoc, Wu-Tang's U-God, and Coolio try to recruit one of rap's first ladies, Blondie's Debbie Harry, to be down with their cliques. 10. Red "I'll Be Dat" Man and Method Man look handsome in their flashy furs. They know the ladies love ruffneck fashionistas.

K.N.B.

Valerie instructed her assistant, "If Bob calls, give him the cell phone number, but if it's some guy named Larry...voicemail."



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This May it will be 10 years since Public Enemy's Minister of Information, Richard "Professor Griff" Griffin told a Washington Times reporter that "Jews...are responsible for the majority of wickedness that goes on around the globe." The stunned silence that followed was quickly overrun by a world-wide howl of outrage. It was clear that despite PE's propensity for controversy, Griff's vitriol might ascend and sink the crew, like an iceberg through the gut of a well-known ocean liner. PE eventually broke ranks with Griff, only to reconsolidate in 1997.

Today, Griff is still making records, both as a solo artist with last year's *Blood of the Prophet* (Lethal/Mercury) and as a member of PE. He has a different attitude—and a surprising new line of work.

I'm a bail bondsman. I work for A Swift Bail Bonding and Express Bail Bonding in Atlanta, in the fugitive-recovery units. They're average-size bonding companies. Express was started by my sisters, and A Swift was started by the other members of my family. I've been doing it about four or five years.

Basically my work goes like this: Let's say you go to jail with a court date three weeks from now. You want to get out, and the bail is \$100,000. Your family puts up \$2,000 or \$3,000 for collateral—money, property—and signs the necessary papers. We might hold their car. We might hold the deed to their home. Because if you don't show up, then we gotta take their house from them.

BOBA FETT STYLE

Professor Griff
as told to Harry Allen

If everything is in order, we put up the money. It's only a percentage that we have to put up. On a \$100,000 bond, we put up only about \$11,500. Now we're held accountable to the state for the other \$90,000. Meaning that they'll give us that person—that person gets his freedom—as long as he goes to court.

Now let's say that when your court date comes you don't go. The court sends us the warrant, and because we're held accountable to the state, it's in our best interest to find you. First we call you up: "Hey, you missed your court date. Why?" "Well, I was sick, ba-da-da-da." "Okay. You gotta come in, sign some more papers, and we gotta reset your court date." You come down to the office. We reset the court date. Easy.

But if the person doesn't show up the second time, the state's going to ask us to pay the full \$100,000. The \$11,500 that we already put up doesn't mean anything because that person skipped bail. So we have to bring you in. And that's the sticky part.

When I'm looking for someone, I get on the phone first, with an application in front of me that gives his name, age, date of birth, where he works, girlfriend, nickname, tattoos, scars, hangout spots, whatever. I start making phone calls to pinpoint him. If he's a respectful, hardworking gentleman, he has a job. So I start there. Or if he worships anywhere, church. If he has children, they go to school. Who drops them off? Who picks them up? You only go when you have the guy pinpointed. He'll be at church with his wife on Sunday? Go get him. He's picking up his child at the day care? Go get him. He goes to the strip club every Friday night? Go down to Magic City or Blue Flame or wherever, and get him.

When it's time to get him, you have to come armed with guns, vests, and handcuffs. My weapon of choice is the Sig Sauer P228, the Mercedes-Benz of handguns. Why? No safety. You pull it, you fire it. Period. Mossberg 12-gauge shotgun, pistol grip with the folding stock and tactical light on top—that's for entries, since a lot of the places we go into

DONEPIECE
FREESTYLE, NO REHEARSAL



My weapon of choice is the Sig Sauer P228, the Mercedes-Benz of handguns

are not friendly. Pepper spray. Handcuffs. Asp baton for holds and locks. Any vest, as long as it's a level 3, will stop a .25 automatic or a .22. And naturally, the all-important badge and warrant.

If somebody we're looking for is in church, we have to show respect for their church and their property. So we get a deacon or a pastor and say, "I'm from so-and-so company, we need to speak to a Mr. So-and-so. We understand he attends your church." If they see you in the full getup coming to execute the warrant, a lot of times they're like, "Please wait outside."

So then you back off the property. When the guy comes out, we've already got his car blocked off. He ain't going nowhere. The Lord will see to that.

How good am I at this? I think I'm average. I wasn't born and raised in Atlanta, so I don't know the cracks and crevices, and I don't know the projects. And if you don't know the latest slang, then you might not get information. If you get thrown off by somebody calling you "folks" or "shorty," then you're in trouble.

I don't particularly like bail-enforcement work right now. There are different businesses that I'm looking to branch off into. So I'll give it another couple years. A lot of times, being here on the other end of it is kind of gloomy because all we do is sit around and wait for people to go to jail. You know, putting people back in jail? Trying to profit on someone else's misery—that's not me. ■

START

COMING SOON



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"That your faith might not rest in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."
—1 Corinthians 2:5

Take off your headset for a minute and think about these 10 scenarios: race war; nuclear holocaust; biochemical warfare; the editing of the Bill of Rights; the suspension of the Constitution and the introduction of martial law; the greenhouse effect and skin cancer caused by a disappearing ozone layer; outbreak of the ebola virus; the Y2K computer meltdown; the fall of the Anglo-American (that's the United States and Great Britain) dual world power; the fall of city and state agencies, i.e. police, court systems, the collapse of all civil liberties. Even White House legislation gets taken over by the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), then FEMA outlaws all forms of religion in the United States and creates a New Order of Nationalism that all must worship.

One of these potential threats will definitely be happening! The others? Probably. Are we discussing health care, self care—who cares? I might as well sell drugs and take my chances on the streets. If I really do my thing, I'll get a tropical storm named after me or maybe achieve the ultimate in respect: a REST IN PEACE mural on the side of a corner bodega! But that won't leave me with a good name, just a name.

These days, anyone can be a threat. I've studied potential threats who were targeted by powerful politicians who enjoy pickin' on innocent citizens of the United Republic of

POTENTIAL THREATS

START Demographics. Just last year, two guys disappeared after taking on a dangerous assignment out West. Perhaps they stumbled onto some potentially threatening information and got whacked by agents from something called the Commission.

But as you already know, this is all just virtual insanity, right? I mean, nobody takes anything I say seriously. After all, I'm a recovering drug and alcohol abuser. I'm only working with 6 percent of my brain. Word on the street is that all intellectuals, rulers, and governing bodies agree that the population itself is the biggest threat to civilization as we know it. Employers are sometimes asked to take "preventative action" and send potential threats "out of town on business." If, God forbid, anything were to happen to the working man, the company policy stands. We don't mourn him, we simply close his file.

At least 94 percent of the potential threats we face as a planet have been designed by a select group and endorsed by 300 prominent business, political, and smart-ass decision makers of Western Europe, North America, and Japan. Another 5 percent are what you call acts of God or technicalities, which leaves a very small margin for catastrophic error.

That's where you find the 1 percent: the majority holders. To borrow the words of President Woodrow Wilson, they wield "...a power so organized, so subtle, so complete, so pervasive, that [one] had better not speak above their breath when they speak in condemnation of it." The President, surrounded by members of the House and Senate and his own staff, obviously was under strict gag order.

As a frequent traveler, I've heard names mentioned. Investment bankers, CEOs, media and entertainment companies, telephone operators, and many, many more. Not even the President of the United States would finger this prevailing enemy of the people, but for a slice of crap Franklin mint in the hands of the right person, you get the real deal.

The Knights of Malta, a very old and powerful religious mafia, have their own constitution and are sworn to work toward the establishment of a New World Order. They

TUPH STREET TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

by bönz malone



This is all virtual insanity, right? I mean, nobody takes anything I say seriously.

are also powerful members of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) and the Trilateral Commission (TLC). They have helped orchestrate historic wars, political kidnappings, media bloodletting, and assassinations in the vicious fields of labor, industry, and technology, from the boardrooms to the streets. They're steering us toward a totalitarian-socialist system, where we'll all become slaves to a classless system of economic control.

Believe it or not, all this is make-believe. A folk tale to scare your kids to sleep. Do I believe any of this Commission stuff or the faint possibility that this fantastic yarn could actually be woven into the tapestry of the Stars and Stripes to enslave the "land of the free"? Probably. Of course, I could be wrong too.

Nonetheless, of this I'm sure: The greatest threat facing mankind is explained in the King James Version of the Holy Scriptures, Daniel 2:44: "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms and it shall stand forever."

Interpretation: The United Snakes will be no more! Its status as a world power will be crushed like glass. Its politicians blown away like the dust they are, along with their grand designs for an illuminated future. This isn't a threat, it's a promise! The right to Supreme Ruleship is in question. Think: Who has the unlimited resources to firmly establish a New Order? God or the government? True, the Almighty has never gone unchallenged, but last I've read, He still sits undefeated. Ya dig? ☐

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NEXT

PEOPLE
ON THE
MOVE

SHAKIRA Super Rockers

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TARYN SIMON JANUARY 12, 1999, MIAMI

On a steamy December night, Shakira charges the air at the Altos de Chavon amphitheater in La Romana, Dominican Republic. At the Hurricane Georges Relief concert, produced by Sammy Sosa and Emilio Estefan, thousands of sweaty brown faces paint the lyrics to the Colombian/Libanesse singer/songwriter's 1998 hit "Ciega... Sordomuda (Blinded, Speechless)." Shakira passionately mimics the electric riffs and alps in and out of a tunky samba. The aerapilic rock star squints her deep brown eyes and exhales in Spanish: "This love has got me reeling.../When you're close to me I'm rendered useless, so confused." Her juju is potent.

Soy and socially conscious Shakira Mabarak, 22, is currently leading Latin America's great music migration north. "I think that as we approach the end of the millennium people are bored with what's out there," she says in Spanish during sound check earlier that day, "and the Latin market offers options that will be refreshing. I want to demonstrate folk." Shakira means that artists in the Third World can make it big in the U.S. and not only for themselves. "I want to show the world that women are of grace." In Arabic, coals the multicolored strands woven into her long braided locks as she speaks.

Shakira's sound is a smooth fusion of erratic vocals, hardcore electric guitar riffs, and badass cross-cultural womanist sentiments. Following the mammoth success of her third release, 1996's *Pies Descalzos* (Sony Discos), she won the 1998 World Music Award for Highest Selling Latin Female Artist. This month she raids the U.S. for the first time with an English version of her multi-platinum album, *Donde Están Los Ladrones?* (Sony Discos, 1998), translated by Latin pop neta Gloria Estefan because Shakira is still learning the language. "I believe Shakira will crossover," confidently asserts her producer and manager, Emilio Estefan, the Latin music czar who's largely responsible for the mainstream success of Jon Secada and wife Gloria. "She's a natural whose music is genuine and universal. Time will tell."

To the dismay of her fans, Shakira's exhilarating concert performance comes to a close. As she swings her red and black catenars off the stage, she's left tailoring for who and what she'll demand next. She's got a lot to think about. But Shakira is a woman who knows how to take the reins. She's followed by the crowd's mantra: "Shakira, Shakira..." Full of grace.

Raquel Cepeda



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NEXT

PEOPLE
ON THE
VERGE

CHEROKEE Soul provider

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFF DUNAS

JANUARY 9, 1999, WEST HOLLYWOOD

You guys were late," an assured Cherokee says to her 10-member band during an intense rehearsal at L.A.'s S.I.R. Studios. "You were supposed to come in after the rit." Watching the petite powerhouse handle her business with such confidence, one would never guess that the singer claims to have suffered continual emotional abuse by her ex-husband.

Days before the rehearsal, Cherokee, a Brooklyn native, is lounging around manager Herb Trawick's Encino, Calif., home/studio, while her Vizsla puppy, Baxter, plays nearby. As she discusses her dehumanizing marriage, her voice is devoid of emotion. "I was with this person for 11 years," Cherokee begins with a detached glare, "and he was my first love." At 16 she met her former production partner, Auto, on the electrifying New York music scene, where they both were struggling to make names for themselves. Initially drawn to Auto's dancing and musical abilities, Cherokee—a former break-dancer—fell hard. The two relocated to California, where they married and released the ill-fated *Naked Music* (Polygram, 1992).

But the marriage took a sour turn, as Cherokee's husband soon became abusive. "When you're in that situation it's hard to explain how deep it is," she says quietly. Her ex wouldn't allow her to travel alone, talk to other men, or even make eye contact with men. "He always told me that if we broke up I couldn't do anything without him. And I believed that." But the captivating songstress slowly began to believe in her own talents and worthiness.

Trawick recognized Cherokee's special gifts and encouraged the writer, producer, and bass guitarist to spend time in the studio alone. What emerged is her debut: the pure, transcendent *I Love You...Me* (RCA), a clever, funky, and highly introspective blend of classic soul, R&B, hip hop, and rock. Making the beautiful album proved therapeutic for Cherokee. A rebirth.

Acknowledging a higher power, Cherokee attributes her powerful words to "eaves-dropping on angels." They come not from her but through her to inspire, provoke, and encourage people—women especially—to love themselves.

Monique Matthews





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NEXT

PEOPLE
ON THE
EDGE

COOL BREEZE Blowin' up the spot

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAULINE ST. DENIS
JANUARY 8, 1999, ATLANTA

What do heads really know about the "dirty South"? According to Cool Breeze, the latest MC to rise out of Atlanta's Dungeon Family (which includes Organized Noize, OutKast, and Goodie Mob), the South ain't only about soul food and thick girls. "If you at a gas station and leave your car running, then jump out til a phone booth and somebody gi' yo' shit," explains Breeze, "we be like, Damn! You got dirty South like that?" The streets of Atlanta's East Point—Breeze's birthplace and stomping grounds—may not be all peachy, but he's ready to get a TL harder than ever.

On this early January day in Atlanta, things are going inside of the Lakewood home studio of Organized Noize's Rico Wade, where Cool Breeze, 24, currently lives and works. Breeze sits in the studio listening to tracks from his debut, *East Point's Greatest Hits*, set to be released in late March on Interscope. He envisions his album as the definitive step toward solidifying a "South Coast" regional hip-hop entity that includes the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Alabama, Texas, and Mississippi. "New York and the West Coast have left their foundation set," says an animated Cool Breeze, who excitedly recalls the days when Run-DMC had people all over the country waving fat checks and Adidas kicks without shoelaces. "That's my goal for the South. We gotta set our foundation up." He's already off to a perfect start with his anonymous first single, "Watch for the hook," featuring Goodie Mob and OutKast.

In the mid-'80s, Breeze, born Fredrick Calhoun Bell, was known to take out MCs on the playground of his elementary school. His reputation as a superior rhyme singer prepped Breeze to the extent that local producers like Organized Noize sought the youngster out. "I heard Cool Breeze's name, and he didn't sound like nobody else," says Wade, who has known Breeze in passing since the producer was in the eighth grade. "He was talking about what goes on in Atlanta [using] the slang, and wasn't nobody doin' that."

The possibility of failure doesn't even occur to Breeze. "Everybody's feelin' everything I put down," he says. "I'm the champ." Now it's time for the rest of the world to recognize the man's immense talent. Anything less would be a low-down dirty shame.

Shawnee Smith



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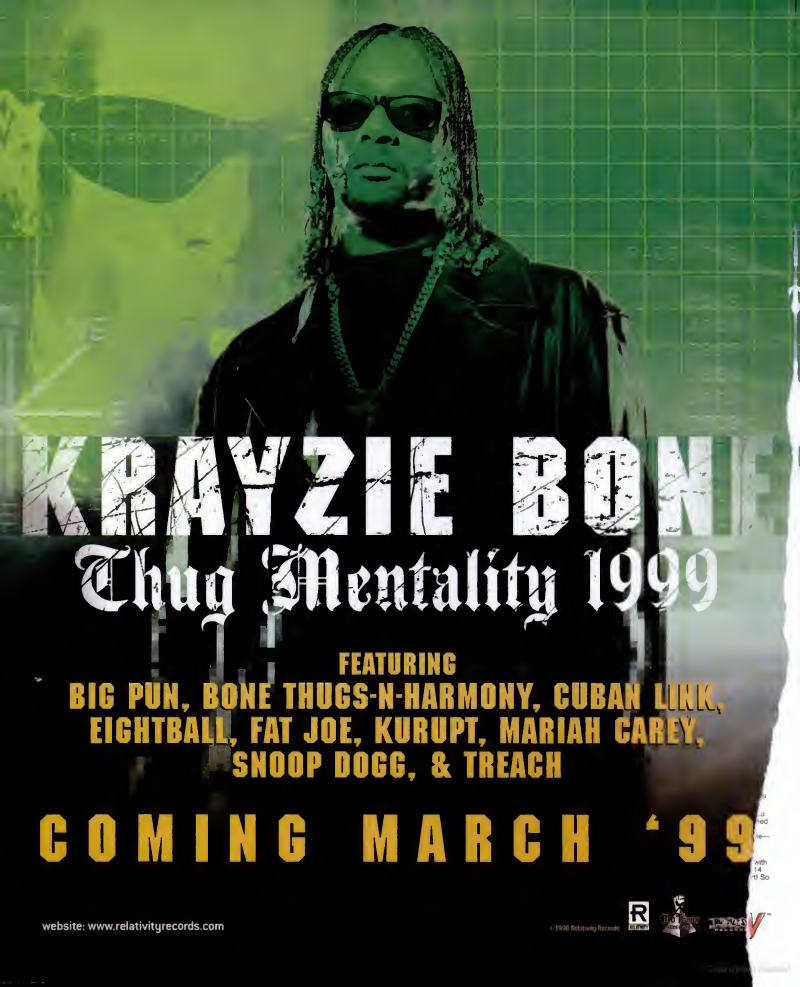
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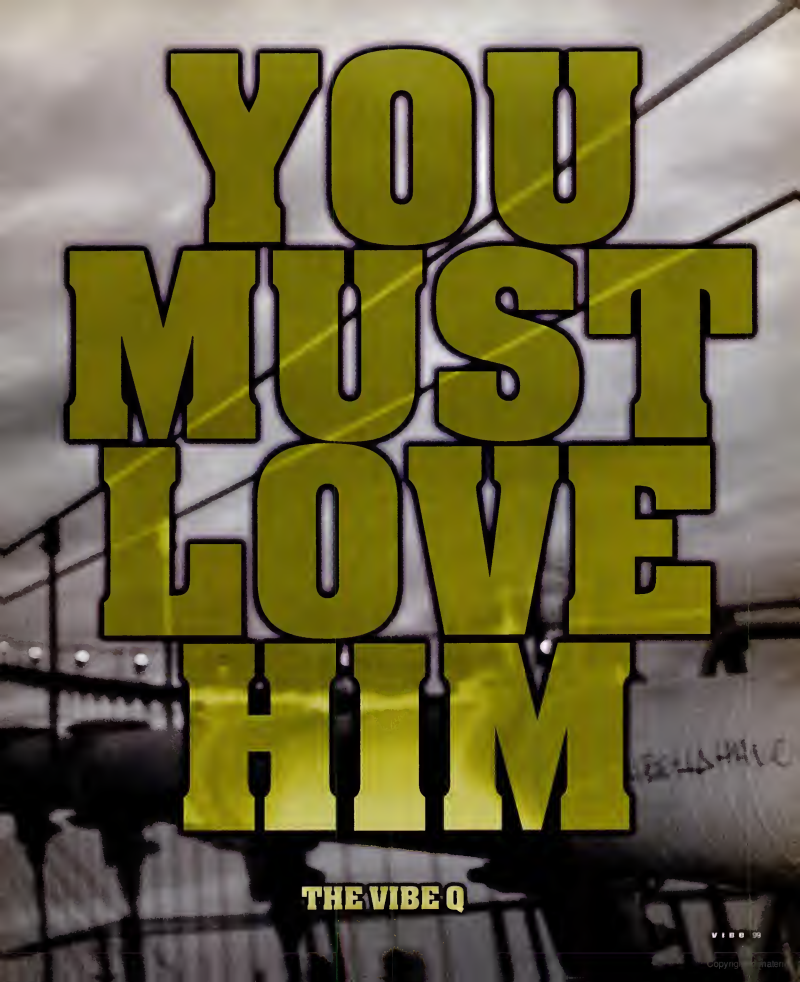
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Jay-Z—one of Brooklyn's finest MCs—has the music world on lock. Scribe Harry Allen finds out what it's like to go from ashy to classy, and why the streets are watching.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARL POSEY ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

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THE VIBE Q

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Shawn Carter touches it, Shawn Carter flips it. Once he focused mainly on 2-p-ound packages of coke, legend has it, then later, tracks like "Hawaiian Sophie" and "The Originators" with friend/mentor "The Jaz." But these days, the Bedford-Stuyvesant-born Jay-Z flips the sensibilities of both his native Marcy Projects' hard rocks and cornfed lowa farmboys. I mean, think about it: Which was Jigga's greater feat: To laconically pulverize Annie's kettledrums on "Hard Knock Life," 8-year-old white stage brats in tow, or to make everybody forget that "Tomorrow" was the play's showstopper? To achieve triple-platinum status? Or to make platinum jewelry the new status symbol, and gold seem woefully played out? The twentysomething stylist is possibly the East Coast's most notorious MC since his friend, the former bearer of that name, went to a freakishly early grave, dominating the No. 1 position on the *Billboard* pop charts for more than a month.

In the process, Jay-Z has totally refurbished the meanings of "pop," "underground," and whatever other labels were still left clinging to this potent black culture. Consider: The Lincoln Continental Grandmaster Caz boasted ownership of his in lyrics for "Rapper's Delight" 20 years ago—is, well, basically, car service today. Realize that the vulgar excess and the poet poignancy of having a \$300,000-plus convertible in the middle of the ghetto, while real-life Marcy moppets warble wearily about their lives, can perhaps be reconciled. Perhaps.

In short measure, this rapper has delivered the frothy ecstasy of "Brooklyn's Finest," his catalog's sole collaboration with the B.J.G.; the futuristic oscillations of "Can I Get A...," laced with the exotic, alien tones of the sirocco-voiced Amil; the twin sex pieces of "Ain't No Nigga" and "(Always Be My) Sunshine" with partner-in-larceny Foxy Brown. There's "You Must Love Me" s' operatic fatalism, and one minute and fifty seconds of "Friend or Foe," the track over which, in his *Streets Is Watching* home video, Jay-Z singlehandedly revives the movie musical from *West Side Story*, *Oklahoma!*, *Singin' in the Rain*, and a bunch of musty Elvis movies. He does all this on top of flows as curvaceous as Lisa Nicole Carson, lyrics as hard as the J and Z subway tracks that wend through his old 'hood, and with an eye for detail that makes *The Starr Report* read like a vague summary.

Memorable as those moments are, the most memorable to this writer is one you never saw: co-Roc-A-Fella label heads Damon Dash and Kareem "Biggs" Burke at New York's LaGuardia Airport, baggin' on a male ticket agent wearing a pile of hair that could only be deemed fascist retro-pimp—or just a breathtaking fright wig. With his best friends' snaps and laughter loudly punctuating the large space, Jay-Z used the time before jetting off to the Super Bowl festivities to school the scribe on fame's wearying costs. As in previous conversations, he was warm, genial, and generous with his time, which tends to be the prerogative of real life tough guys—gentlemen, that is.

Your album's at 3 million. Will Smith's is at 4 million. What does that tell you about the state of hip hop?
Will did a great thing for hip hop—he brought light onto it, exposed people to it who normally wouldn't be listenin'. Some people are gonna love and stick

with Will. Some people are gonna say, "I wanna little more edge to my music." The more educated people are, the more they're gonna look for the cream of the crop.

Do you mean your own work?

Yeah.

You wouldn't say Will is the cream of the crop?

Me and Will make different music. He's a very creative person. I think mine has more edge and is more reality-based than his.

What would you say to those who say your latest album is, in many ways, a puff album with incredible lyrics?

People could say that about "Hard Knock." Puffy could probably use that, but I can't see Puffy rappin' over "If I Should Die," or "Can I Get A..." Nah. No beats that I've ever heard him rap to was similar to "Can I Get A..." or the Too Short record or the Bleek record or "Paper Chase." I can't see him rappin' to none of those tracks.

In what ways would you say your life is the same as the average brother working hard at UPS?

There's more similarities than not. It's a demanding job. People imagine every day is shrimp, lobster, and champagne—but I'm in marketing meetings, we're arguin' constantly, I'm fightin' to get records played, videos played, get vinyl in. It's not easy. Not to knock anyone who works at UPS.

Could you ever go back to the life you lived before?

I don't think any rapper can go back. You can be a car salesman, a bank teller—I mean, really good jobs, and people are still gonna look at you and be like, "You used to rap; what happened?"

Would you ever go back to selling drugs? How much are you trying to downplay the fact that you used to sell drugs—especially now with your increased visibility?

It's a part of me. It happened. I don't regret it. It shaped me as a person. It's a thing that, whether I rap about it or not, exists. So I'd rather shed light on the situation—in an indirect way. I don't wanna preach. I know it's a lotta people out there going through the same struggles and the same thing I've been through. 'You're not a Martian, you're not an unusual person. I understand your struggle, I've been through the same thing.' And that's what I think is happening right now. There's a lotta people relatin' to my story. I don't hide it. I don't avoid it. I don't send my publicists out with

"Don't ask me these questions." Nothin' to hide.

Is it true that you had a sexual relationship with Foxy Brown while she was underage?

Oh, no. It's a total untruth.

But you had a relationship with her?

A working relationship.

Only a working relationship?

Yeah. A working relationship. I know at times people hinted at [that]...

...because she is young. She's been in the public eye since she was underage.

Even if she wasn't young, we just not there, you know what I mean? And I know people [are] gonna say that, especially if you get the kind of reputation I have. But it just never happened.

How much do you value the wealth and fame? If it all ended tomorrow, if you woke up and were—

As long as I was comfortable. Money is just—

Suppose you weren't comfortable?

Then I'd have to do something to be comfortable.

What would you do?

I don't know.

Would you go back to the drug game?

If I was put in a situation of hopelessness—

Tomorrow. You're not in Miami, you're not at the hotel, and nobody's around, and you're just like, Where am I?

And you have to get out of this?

"I'm the type of person that's liable to do anything."



JOHN V. JOHNSON



JNCO. LOS ANGELES



I'm the type of person, I'm liable to do anything. If I'm in a hopeless and desperate situation, I'm gonna do anything I can to get outta that situation. I just won't accept it.

What do you consider the ultimate good?

To create a comfortable position for me and everybody around me. Like we doin' with Roc-A-Fella. 'Cause, like, blacks, when we come up, we don't normally inherit businesses. That's not a common thing for us to have old money, like three and four generations, inheriting our parents' businesses. That's what we workin' on right now. A legacy.

What is it that you learned from selling drugs that you use every day, in terms of doing business?

This is the funny thing: You gotta abide by certain rules when you in the street. It's a certain code you have to operate on to have a good run, where not everybody wanna kill you. And the music business is totally opposite. I was operatin' with that [street] code and that loyalty and that honor and that whole ethic. And they wasn't operatin' that way. So I had to change my ways.

How were they operating?

Like, with Priority, I had a messed-up contract. And everyone knew. But we didn't know. We was like, "Why were we...?" But they was like, "Why were so offended? It's just business." To them it's good business; to us it was deceit.

Transport it to the street. What would happen?

A person wouldn't try you like that. Because either you would have to kill them, or they would kill you. When you make that kinda move, you gotta know that either you prepared to go to war or you prepared to die.

Or both.

Yeah. You can go to war and die [laughs].

I was speaking to Clark Kent. I said, "Jay's the kind of person that if you confronted him a certain way, or you looked into his eyes, you wouldn't see hate, fear, or anger. You would just see nothing."

I lost a lotta girls like that.

I'm glad you brought that up [laughs].

It's real, man.

Do you have a wife, children?

No wife, no kids. I'm a private person [as far as] the female I deal with. I don't wanna put that type of pressure on them. [People] mark women once you do that.

Some say celebrities do that because in every city, there's somebody thinking, "I'm that [celeb's] one-and-only."

Nah. I mean, it would be much better for a celebrity to have a significant other. Because everyone else—they know their place. It's not like a girl's not gonna date you 'cause she knows you're married—I hope the public don't believe that. It really doesn't make a difference. It actually makes everything fall in line better. You know, like, This is my wife, and me and you, we have relations.

It simplifies. You say you lost a lot of girls that way.

They can't read me. They don't know, in their words, "whether I care or not."

Do you express anger with heat or with cold?

More calm. Outta anger you make, foolish moves. I made one foolish move when I was younger.

Which was?

When I, uh, shot my brother.

Tell me about that.

It was a very stupid thing. He was messed up at that time. He'd took a ring of mine. It was very, very foolish, you know, like a two-finger ring, but way back then...and it was like a certain thing leading up to these events. I acted outta anger. Since that incident, I've never lost it like that.

Where did you hit him with the bullet?

In his shoulder.

What kind of gun did you use?

A little gun, like a Dillinger.



Jay representin' in Vegas

Was that the only time you ever shot anybody?

Yeah.

You've said you've never killed anybody. But you also said that if you had, you wouldn't say.

Yeah. Nah, I wouldn't tell you.

Which means you could say no, but mean ultimately yes.

[Laughs] It could mean that, but I'm just being a realist. I wouldn't just say no and leave it like that.

Did you sell crack to your mother?

When I said that. I meant [it as a] metaphor or, like, the mothers of our nation.

But did you or did you not?

Nah.

What's your relationship like with your mom?

Beautiful. Like brother and sister.

What does she do?

Like, investment banking.

Is she an investment banker, or does she work in an investment banking office?

She works in the office. She's a supervising clerk.

How about your father?

He works odd jobs. After I was 12, I never knew where he was workin'. I never kept up with him, so—

Have you seen him in your adult life at all?

I haven't seen him for maybe four to five years.

Do you have any sisters?

Two sisters, one brother. I'm the youngest [child].

What do your siblings do for a living?

My brother lives in upstate New York. He always cut hair, so he's trying to get a barbershop. My sisters, they got different jobs.

Are you close to them?

Yeah. [One of my sister's names is Andrea], but we call her Annie. That's how the Annie sample came about. When I see that on TV, I was like, "Annie?" And then, I watched the movie.

So that's how it became a part of your childhood.

Right. That's why we root for villains—the Scarfaces of the world—anybody placed in a situation of underdog, and they have some type of success, be it short-lived. We never pay attention to the ending, just the good parts. Anybody that comes from that situation and rises above that, we're with them. Think about that. From Marcy Projects to owning your own company?

Any person that goes from ashy to classy or, you know, is from the orphanage or the projects—it's pretty similar. Instead of treated we get tricked, instead of kisses we get kicked—that's how every ghetto person feels. Like nothing good is gonna ever happen to you.

People talk about your lyrics being, at first glance, very simple, but having a lot of stuff underneath.

Yeah, it's like double meanings. I hide those all over, like Easter eggs.

What was your relationship with Biggie?

We knew each other since Westinghouse High School. We'd see each other, and we'd nod. Then we both was in the music business, and we always said, "We gotta hook up and do something together." Finally we did "Brooklyn's Finest." That's when we clicked. I sat there, he sat there. I was like, "Yo, you make a pen?" No pen. That's how I made my music, too. It was crazy, it

was ill for me.

You don't write lyrics down?

No, not at all.

There's no rhyme book anywhere?

There was one green notebook from when I was young. I don't know where it's at. It's a shame.

All that stuff is in your head? How do you do that?

Just at it. Like, right now I got a couple of verses—in my head. Just verses.

So at some point you're going to have a whole album sitting in your head, and then you have to download it as such?

Yeah. But it never gets that far. I'll get three songs, the most, and then I'll do 'em, and then I'll get three songs again. But about the relationship: That night Big and I went to Bernie Mac, and ever since it's been, like, all the time on the phone.

Until he was killed.

Yeah.

I know you gotta get on the plane.

Interviews can be the same monotonous bullshit. Or they can ask interesting questions and make you wanna talk. As long as it's like this, a conversation between two people, I could talk for five hours.

We should do that, man.

I could yap.

All right, yo, beautiful. Respect, man. Safe flight. ☑



The Hoops Event

*"They cushion you
over hardwood,
blacktop and
opposing forwards."*

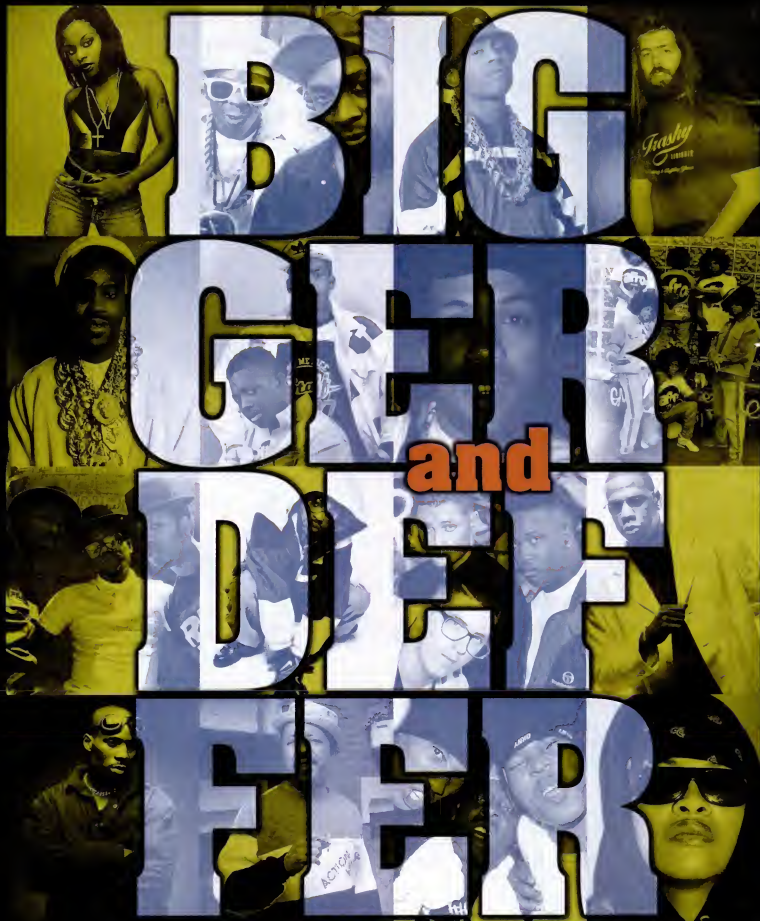
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It's summertime, August 20, 1998. "To lead a record company," says Lyor Cohen, "you could always hire people that have some sort of understanding of the legality of the situation. But to *really* run a record company, you have to understand the pain. You have to really *live* the pain with the artists. And they must believe that you *understand* the pain." He pauses. When you hear the slicing, caffeine-fueled voice of DefJam Recordings' CEO/co-owner Lyor Cohen, 39, your attention is not requested; it's *raced*. He's seated in the backseat of a black sedan that's squeezing northbound on Manhattan's F.D.R. Drive. "It's a pain when you're frightened, because [as an artist] your job depends on whether the public likes you."

It takes a special kind of person to run a record company well. Someone who's capable of skillfully sliding into and out of an assortment of roles—workhorse, politician, drill sergeant, gambler—with nary a hint of vacillation. "Imagine," continues the highly amped executive, "waking up everyday

his top dog's pain to bed. "We're the Aamco of this shit," he says, recalling Def Jam's here-for-you/we'll fix-it philosophy. "We don't want to be in your videos, and we don't want to beat you up. We wanna *blow* you up. We may not know how to run into a club and pop Cristal, but we certainly know how to dig a ditch."

Rah-rah rhetoric aside, DefJam's been doing a bit more than digging dishes. After spending most of 1997 on the sidelines as Puffy's Bad Boy brigade dominated *Billboard's* charts with mult platinum hits such as Mase's "Feel So Good" and the Notorious B.I.G.'s "Mo'Money, Mo'Problems," Cohen and Simmons's street-scraping label blasted out punches in '98 like a non-nibblin' "Iron" Mike Tyson. In its 14th year of doing business, DefJam—the house built on the sweat of commercially successful, culturally impactful artists such as L.L. Cool J., the Beastie Boys, Public Enemy, Slick Rick, and EPMD—enjoyed its most successful fiscal year yet.

What makes for all this triumph? Figure this: 100

talent—of the merger's eventual streamlining. Would Def Jam retain its independent attitude? Time would speak its peace in January.

Regardless of PolyGram dramas, DeJarm's loaded-to-the-gills production schedule strategy—a manifestation of Cohen's notorious take-no-prisoners business practices—has flung a stinky middle finger at the face of corporate pussyfooting. By the end of this past January, the label had earned some serious precious-metal respect: Jay-Z's Grammy-nominated *Vol. 2...Hard Knock Life* is triple platinum, Method Man's *Tical 2000: Judgement Day* is platinum, Redman's acclaimed *Doc's Da Name* 2000 is platinum (the first million-selling album of his career), two movie soundtracks—for *Rush Hour* and *Belly*—are both gold, and a second 1998 album from DMX, *Flesh of My Flesh Blood of My Blood*, which sold 663,000 units during its first week of release, is currently double platinum. DMX set a *Billboard* record for being the first artist to have two albums debut at No. 1 on the pop chart in

At nearly 15 years old, the sonic institution known as **Def Jam Recordings is still cold cashin' stupid checks while schooling the hip hop nation on how to listen, look, speak, and spend. **Chairman Mao** bum-rushes their multimillion-dollar dope show.**

and your livelihood depends on if *they*, out *there*, like *you*. If that's not the illest occupation I don't know what is!¹⁶

Cohen's seemingly permanent poker face (made of chiseled features and pale blue eyes) suits many personas. His lanky, 6-foot-plus physique is nattily attired in black slacks, aqua dress shirt, and a pair of fancy-ass Italian shoes. The Manhattan native (born to Israeli parents) is in good spirits today. In his trademark staccato voice, he periodically announces, "It's a glorious day!" into his cell.

Cohen's joviality exists for good reason: On this cool late-summer morning, Def Jam's No. 1 act—the Yonkers-bred canine crusader DMX—is to be cleared of all charges in a rape case that threatened the rapper's skyrocketing career at its beginnings. Heading uptown to a Bronx courthouse, Cohen is ready to put

million dollars. That's how much DefJam made in 1998, according to some of the company's top execs. And all of this boom-booming amid the backdrop of a pending merger between PolyGram, which owns 60 percent of DefJam, and megaconglomerate Seagram. The possibility of such an unprecedented power merger—which would form, as Cohen grandiosely but accurately describes it, "the largest record company in the world"—has created an ominous air of insecurity about the future of all of PolyGram's subordinate labels. This summer's music season, traditionally an active preparation period for important fall releases, has seen production at PolyGram subsidiaries such as Mercury, Motown, and Island virtually grid to a standstill. Everyone from employees to artists had begun to contemplate the aftermath—dissolved labels, thousands of lost jobs, and the release of major

the same year. Not since the label's late-'80s/early-'90s chart domination has DefJam's galaxy of stars been so firmly ingrained in the record-buying public's consciousness. Now more than ever, DefJam is equipped to lock down its spot in the annals of pop-music history. Word to SoundScan.

"I'm not part of the good-ol'-boy system," Cohen says at the courthouse. "So the best way [Def]am can talk to the big cheeses is to show them that even in the most difficult times, while everybody's acting like little bitches, *we're* gonna go post some fuckin' scores!"

With that, Cohen steps out of his vehicle to greet his latest platinum artist.



*"Tables turn / Suckers burn to learn / They can't
disable the power of my label / Def Jam / Tells you
who I am..."*

—Public Enemy, "Rebel Without a Pause," 1988

Def Jam Recordings' silver-on-maroon phonograph tone-arm imprint (identified by seemingly every Def Jam employee simply as "The Logo") is a symbol of modern rap music's evolution. It is the hallmark of an expansion in sound and commerce that spans

Hot Chocolate's "You Sexy Thing." Predating the *Hose* LP was the appearance of DEF JAM PRESENTS... on posters advertising a Rubin-promoted concert that paired punks Heart Attack and essential old-school rap trio the Treacherous Three at Manhattan's Diplomat Hotel earlier that year. Punk and hip hop had begun to dominate Rubin's tastes since his introduction to both genres in high school on Long Beach, Long Island. Eventually, a melding of the superponics of punk and rap became the revolution that would demand his enlistment.

of the early '80s lacked the dynamism of hip hop's live element—particularly the jagged ferocity of a DJ scratching. As one of the few Caucasian faces at weekly parties like those at N.Y.C. reggae nightclub Negril, Rubin's appetite for hip hop reconstruction grew insatiable. Enlisting one of his favorite spin doctors from said venue, Zulu Nation mainstay Jazzy Jay, Rubin envisioned the creation of a harder brand of hip hop record. The resulting 12-inch single, T. La Rock and Jazzy Jay's deadly 808-drum-machine kicker, "It's Yours," (Def Jam/Partytime,

FROM SPARK ROYALTY'S *Cobain in L.A.* (left), flanked by Dean and Dave in *Green Day's Dookie* (right)



"I'm rich right now," says Cohen. "In terms of money, there's nothing I can't buy—the extra \$100 million or \$120 million that they were gonna give me doesn't do anything but collect dust in a bank account."

from local New York phenomenon to full-fledged global movement. Def Jam cofounder Rick Rubin was studying philosophy and film at New York University in April of 1982 when he cut the first piece of vinyl to bear the D-to-the-J insignia. This pioneering wax piece wasn't even a rap record; it was actually a rather curious mini-LP from a quartet of NYU punk rockers called *Hose*, which featured Rick's own fractured freetwerk on sloppy covers of funk standards such as the Ohio Players' "Fire" and

"It wasn't clear to me [at the time] why I wanted to do it," says the soft-spoken Rubin, now 35, at his home in Hollywood Hills. It's Halloween Eve, and the house's spooky opulence, coupled with Rubin's mildly graying, Merlyn-esque beard, make for a haunting ambience. "I just knew these were things that I loved that didn't come together but were supposed to be together because they shared the same heart and soul."

For Rubin, the bulk of the discolored rap records

But in addition to setting the stylistic mold for all future Rubin-helmed Def Jam recordings, the song's greatest effect was the attention it garnered from Russell "Rush" (because he was always in a hurry) Simmons—an already semi-legendary Hollis, Queens promotional and managerial wizard. By this point, Simmons and his then tiny Rush Artists Management had launched Kurtis Blow to stardom and was working wonders for his little brother Joey's rap group, Run-

D.M.C. When among the many demos that had been mailed to Rubin in the wake of "It's Yours" turned up a Queens teenager named James Todd Smith, who fancied himself "Ladies Love Cool James," Rubin made Simmons an offer to go into business together. "I thought we should really do L.L.'s record ourselves, because we were both getting screwed [by the labels we were working with]," Rubin says, stroking Champa, one of his two pulis. "So I said, 'Okay, how

“We don’t want to be in your videos,” says Cohen. “We don’t want to beat you up. We wanna blow you up. We may not know how to run into a club and pop Cristal, but we certainly know how to dig a ditch.”

about I make all the records, I do all the work, and you be my partner?” And he said, ‘Okay.’ I knew that as time went on and the company got successful, Russell would show more of an interest.”

Rubin came up with the name, and he and Simmons cranked up the company in Rubin’s overcrowded dorm room No. 712 at NYU’s Weinstein Hall. It was 1984. The atmosphere and cast of characters at Simmons’s Rush Artists Management offices (which out of necessity overlapped as Def Jam’s) reflected the team’s aggressive style and do-it-yourself approach. It was raw. They were small, independent. The crew continued to keep it real even after CBS Records—based on the loud buzz about 16-year-old L.L.—entered into an agreement with Def Jam in 1985. The Rubin-Simmons partnership exploded with platinum releases from L.L.’s *bad self* (Radio, 1985) and the Beastie Boys’ (Licensed to Ill, 1986) and crossed label boundaries with Rubin’s production on Run-D.M.C.’s breakthrough LP, *Raising Hell* (Profile, 1986).

**BIG
GER
DEF
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The definition of real: Rush/Def Jam’s office at 40 East 19th Street in Manhattan was a converted dance studio complete with mirrored walls. One side of the divided space housed the staff, which included old-school rapper/receptionist Jimmy Spicer (of “The Bubble Bunch” fame) and another former rapper who was headed for a somewhat brighter future.

“On my first day,” says Lisa Cortes, a former Rush employee, “Lyor said, ‘Take this guy’s desk. He’s outta here. His name’s Andre Harrell.’” Things change quickly in the rap game.

“Def Jam taught me the importance of artists having integrity and [the importance of] being true to the image they project in their music,” says Harrell. He’s gone from being one half of early-’80s rap duo Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde to Def Jam employee to

CEO of Uptown/MCA (where he put on talents such as Jodeci, Mary J. Blige, and an intern named Sean Combs) to CEO of Motown to his current spot, president of Bad Boy Entertainment. “For me, it was a major, fundamental training ground,” he continues. “When I think of those times, I think about the spirit and the drive of the individuals who really wanted to make it happen. It wasn’t about just the money. It was about the cause. And the opportunity to prove yourself.”

On the other side of the East 19th Street loft, Simmons and Cohen, who was by then Rush’s chief road manager, shared living quarters. A former financial analyst for the National Bank of Israel in Beverly Hills, Cohen followed his urge to leave the corporate world and, like Rubin, found his hook promoting events that paired rap and punk.

“The reason I got interested in rap,” Cohen says,

EVEN THE BOSS HAS TO EAT: Simmons lunches at Def Jam HQ



"was because I used to constantly—like a voyeur—want to go to places that I was not supposed to be and observe. A bunch of my friends were party throwers, and so that looked way sexier [than my job]."

His first Hollywood-swingin' soiree, dubbed Mix, featured L.A. scenesters Fear, Social Distortion, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Fishbone, the Circle Jerks, and headliners Run-D.M.C., and was an enormous success. Cohen's second show, which attempted a similarly integrated bill with Brooklyn trio Whodini topping the lineup, failed miserably. Cohen lost his shirt and more on the gig. Simmons, who was Whodini's manager at the time, offered Cohen a spot with Rush in the Big Apple.

Cohen secured his "position," but—as anyone else who encountered the Def Jam/Rush organization in those days attests—job titles mattered little: From mopping floors to booking tours, everyone helped everyone else.

"I was probably the first person who absolutely was supposed to work for Def Jam," says the label's former vice president, and current Stepsun Entertainment president, Bill Stephney. "But on one of my first days, Lyor's selling things at me, like, [*impersonating Cohen's Israeli accent*] 'Bill, now that you are here, you are going to goon tour with Whodini, Captain Rock, and Run!' I'm like, [gulp] 'But I'm the Def Jam [radio] promotion guy!'" Other evidence of anarchy arose daily.

"It was routine for the Beastes to ride their bicycles around the office," deadpans former Def Jam/Rush all-world employee Heidi Smith, who too did a little of everything. "When Russell had the L.A. Posse blown in to produce L.L., they were literally living in the middle [of the office] while we were doing our work," adds Stephney. "I just remember trying to make telephone calls and hearing snoring in the middle of the room."



Not since the company's late '80s/early '90s chart domination has Def Jam's galaxy of stars been so firmly ingrained in the record-buying public's consciousness.

The madness only increased when Rubin and Simmons attempted to officially consolidate Def Jam and Rush under one (new) roof. The converted garage at 298 Elizabeth Street they had purchased in the heart of regrettably gentrified downtown Manhattan was directly across from a crack house. But, bizarrely, the label was forced to share its space with a squatter who was protected from eviction by New York City occupancy laws. Rubin himself lived upstairs on the fourth and fifth levels.

"We had no heat on the second floor," says Stephney. "I inquired to Rick, and his response was, 'Why do you think I got you Def Jam jackets for free?'"

"Everything there was a joke," Rubin says. "We were just kids having fun. There were never really any expectations of it being a successful business. It was something we did out of passion."

Also among the core staff during those pivotal

mid-to-late-'80s wonder years was Bill Adler, Def Jam's ace publicist. With a background in music journalism, Adler's conviction helped deliver the rebellious cool quotient of Def Jam and Rush artists to mainstream press outlets previously closed to African-American artists.

"My basic approach and attitude was a lot like Russell's, which was there was no place where we didn't belong," says Adler, head of Mouth Almighty Records. "And if I couldn't make the argument on the basis of the creativity of the music, then I could always make it by relying on the charts at any given moment."

With Simmons and Cohen's work on the Rush side eventually maturing into rock 'n' roll establishment professionalism—complete with lucrative merchandising and endorsement deals and stadium tours such as the Fresh Fests, the L.L. Cool J Nitro Tour, and the Run-D.M.C./Beastie Boys Together

Forever Tour—the economic impact of the Def Jam/Rush axis grew to astonishing levels. By 1989 nearly every significant funky rhyme sayer that existed—from the kings from Queens, Run-D.M.C., to Hempstead, Long Island Black-power panthers Public Enemy to suburb-ready Philadelphia duo D.J. Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince and D.A.I.S.Y. Agnès De La Soul—was either signed to Def Jam or under Rush Artists Management, or both. And in 1990, when their contract expired, Def Jam renegotiated their deal with Sony (which bought out CBS), forming a joint venture that gave the label more cash, more freedom, and a bigger slice of the corporate pie. It was a real partnership. (In 1994, 60 percent of Def Jam was purchased from Sony by PolyGram.)

But with the success came controversy. Having attained what basically amounted to a monopoly on the fledgling rap industry, Rush was at times accused



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LAS VEGAS BALLERS:
Jay-Z and Cohen



this-is-now magazine clip has invoked his wrath. In it, Def Jam, Russell, and L.L. are labeled the '80s standard-bearers against the '90s equivalents: Bad Boy, Puffy, and Canibus.

"Def Jam is the most stable and important record company in the history of rap," he continues. "We're '80s," but we'll be here in 2000. They can't put Def Jam in that '80s category, because everybody else [from back then] is defunct. From 1990 to 1999 we'll sell a shit load of records, and our biggest year is this year." Simmons boasts aren't lofty. Important '80s hip hop manufacturers like Fresh—the original home of EPMD and Nice & Smooth—and Cold Chillin', the place where stars such as MC Shan, Big Daddy Kane, Roxanne Shanté, and Kool G Rap were born—are barely in the mix beyond catalog sales and sample clearances. "And," Simmons adds, "Canibus can't hold L.L.'s shoes!"

You don't always talk with Russell Simmons. Mostly, he talks at you, spewing anecdotes, parallels, and analyses with the neurotic energy of a hip hop Woody Allen. And today, with injustice on his mind and a full head of steam, he's in fine form. "I really believe in humility," he says afterward, almost apologetically. "That's one of the things we do in yoga every other day." When it's suggested that the serenity of yoga and the aggression of hip hop are fighting within him, he guffaws in agreement.

Over the past several years, the Russell Simmons story and has been well documented in the music and business press, and even on film (in the fictionalized, Michael Schultz-directed, Blair Underwood-starring Russell vehicle *Krush Groove*, Warner Bros., 1985). It's a degree of attention befitting one of pop culture's most mercurial, entrepreneurial icons. Simmons's more recent dabblings—given Cohen the acuity at running Def Jam since officially moving over from Rush in 1990—have enabled him to focus on the other arms of the bubbling Rush empire: fashion (Phat Farm), TV (RSTV, which produces HBO's *Def Comedy Jam*

and the syndicated *Oneworld Music Beat*), film (Def Pictures), and publishing (*One World magazine*).

"What Russell's doing now is an extension of what he's always been about," says Adler. "He's always seen hip hop culture as global culture. And the same way that he'd go to all the different-flavored discos back in the day to promote the records that he loved, now he goes to all the different media."

"Def Jam gets the credit for [rap's] access to the mainstream, although it's always forwarded by another group or another company," Simmons says. "When Kurtis Blow wasn't hot, Flash came with 'The Message' and kept [rap] evolving and gave us a chance to do more. Vanilla Ice and Hammer helped."

"Puff Daddy helped," he adds. "Puff is probably the biggest reason for our success today. Not because we didn't work hard at what we're doing, but because [he helped push] the evolution of culture that we're

all fighting for. We're starting to become mainstream music, which used to be our main competition."

But acceptance of this concept by the punist hip hop cognoscenti is perhaps Def Jam's greatest battle in its continued war for recognition as a contemporary powerhouse. A company only invent the wheel once. And Def Jam's esteemed history still competes with—some say overshadows—its achievements today, no matter how impressive its sales figures or vital its active artist roster.

"Back in the old days it seemed like it was a family thing, and it was much cooler, and it was real, and it was based on the music and the attitude and the love," says Dante Ross, the A&R director behind such hip hop milestones as De La Soul's *3 Feet High & Rising* (Tommy Boy, 1989) and Brand Nubian's *One for All* (Elektra, 1990). Ross began his career as a Rush office assistant. "It meant something. [Def Jam] became a great marketing machine. Now they're

Cohen and staff
prepares for battle



ROCKIN' PUFF: Simmons and Rubin in 1987



really good at selling records, but maybe the records are not changing the world the way the Beasties or Public Enemy did." Let's face it: Today's creators and fans of hip hop music are no longer naive. Business is business. Entertainment is a profession. Marketing is a religion.

"If I call them Def Scam and Liar Conman and Hustle Scrimmons, it's poking [fun] at them," says Public Enemy's resident rhyme animal, Chuck D. Although for years PE was one of Def Jam's flagship groups, as of this January the two have—contractually—gone their

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separate ways. "Right now the whole thing with DefJam is some of the soul is missing. When they first started Kentucky Fried Chicken, each piece was some good shit. Now you got a chain of them all around, and you're doing big numbers of drumsticks and wings, but something's missing. I never gave a fuck about [sales], and for [DefJam] survival they had to. So my whole attitude was, let me go, and let me survive and thrive."

With its aesthetic less vigilantly defined than in its rock-hard earlier years ("Every honest hip hop artist is DefJam material," Russell says), the label's marketing savvy has resulted in the creation of some highly successful artist

image-making (3rd Bass, the street credible white rappers; Boss, the gear-carrying gangsta bitch). This emphasis proved a survival technique necessary to accommodate rap music's growth as an entertainment commodity. While the talent level of successful DefJam rap artists past and present has always remained high, for a handful

of image-reliant acts (aggro neo-baldheads Onyx, Crooklyn sexpot Foxy Brown) the added boost of the label's star-generating expertise has proven invaluable. Such meticulousness might be called ingenuity, considering DefJam's still relatively intimate staff—a team about one-fifth the size of other labels of similar importance.

But DefJam may soon lose one of its most valued human resources. Four major parent entities would form as a result of the proposed merger to run all of PolyGram and Seagram's music division's record labels. And being slated to run the major New York outpost of this coalition, the Universal Music Group (which would oversee Motown, Universal, and DefJam, among others), is Lyor Cohen. Reports also have the asking price for the buyout of DefJam's remaining 40 percent ownership not held by PolyGram estimated at about \$70 million (Simmons says this figure is much higher). Sources intimate with the deal indicate that its terms are based on the net sales worth of DefJam in the final business quarter of 1998/first

quarter of '99. Cohen and company's late-season death march of releases seems, in fact, to have been a well-calculated, masterfully executed stroke of fiscal genius. We'll see.

I just heard DMX's new album," announces an ecstatic Lyor Cohen. "Incredible. He's even angrier than before!" Having breakfast in Manhattan's Le Parker Meridien Hotel, Cohen is just the opposite. Putting his excitable DefJam 4 Life protocol on mute for a few moments, he discusses the ramifications of his possible promotion.

"It's the validation by the music industry hierarchy of a person and a company that grew up loving and making a career out of hip hop music," he says between bites of his caramelized hash. "Before," he contemplates amusedly, "people knew about me in the industry, and rappers all knew about me, but my mother's friends didn't know about me."

Industry acceptance may be officially imminent for the man identified on more recent DefJam releases as "The Check Writer." But on this morning, Cohen, dressed in a black leather jacket, jeans, and white sneakers, looks more like the missing Semitic member of Run-D.M.C. than a big-time record boss.

"At first I really despised him," Prince Paul says wryly of his past difficulties with Cohen while Paul was under Rush Producers Management. "But I realized later that he's the dollar guy. He's not there to worry about what your feelings are."

"God, every time I meet a new rapper or fuckin' someone in the business, they say, 'I heard about you, man! Yo, you're so ill!' Cohen said with disgust back in August. "I don't understand. I feel like I'm soft as drugstore cotton. I love my fuckin' family. But there's not one second that I'm just fuckin' wasting time. I'm either focused on the kill, or I'm with my wife or son. There's nothing else I'm doing. Period."

Ultimately, the fight for DefJam's right to prosper is all that really concerns Simmons, Cohen, and the label's recently appointed president, Kevin Liles. The stocky 31-year-old may be the only DefJam executive who's

(Front row from left) Steven Tyler, Jam Master J, Rick Rubin, Sean Penn; (back row) DMX, Rain, Russell, Barbra Streisand, October 1998



The Beastie Boys with David Lee Roth (far left) and Sean Penn (second from right) at Madonna's party, circa 1985



actually ever worked out of a briefcase, but he still shares a facial expression of manic inspiration common to each of his predecessors.

"Our listeners appreciate our artists, but I want them to appreciate behind the scenes, too," says Liles between frantic phone calls at his office in DefJam's newest headquarters on Vanick in downtown N.Y.C., his room with a view accessed by a set of Technics 1200 turntables and stacks of fresh vinyl. "Everything someone does here represents nearly 15 years of struggle of a music people passed off as disappearing in five years. So I refuse to allow people to fuck up. People who aren't willing to stand up to the test or people who don't have the balance won't work here."

Like his predecessors at DefJam's helm, Liles also has a compelling story. The Baltimore native began his career on the talent side of the business. As part of early-'80s Maryland R&B/hip pop act Newmark, Liles penned and recorded a single that sold an impressive 70,000 copies independently and sent his group on tour opening for the likes of Rob Base and Levett. But Newmark's version of "Girl You Know It's True" wouldn't make Liles or his crew stars.

"I woke up one morning and heard my song, and I saw these fuckers dancing and singing it on stage," the former MC KG recalls. "I don't know what I'd do if I had to relive it. That could've been my group."

While Milli Vanilli's rendition of Liles's tune kept



Ladies Love Cool James: the Ivory Coast, Africa, November 1988

ARCHIVE PHOTOS TAKEN BY BILL ADLER AND GLEN FRIEDMAN

continued on page 100



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JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF

Def Jam's three star generals on how they earned their stripes



DAMON DASH is CEO of Roc-A-Fella Records. Roc-A-Fella's relationship with Def Jam began in 1997 with the joint release of Jay-Z's platinum *In My Lifetime Vol. 1*.

"When Def Jam first approached me, I didn't think they could give me the deal I

wanted because they were in a joint venture themselves. But I liked Lyor's energy. He still gets up every day and runs the company. I thought, Damn, in 15 years if I've got the energy that he has then I'ma be alright. Lyor came with the right money, and I felt they could make my company go from platinum to quadruple platinum, so I went with Def Jam.

"We put out four singles at one time, which any label would say is a bad thing to do. We had 'Money Ain't a Thing,' 'It's Alright,' 'Can I Get A...,' and 'Hard Knock Life' all on the radio concurrently. Def Jam was like, 'You're gonna get lost,' but they still promoted it successfully. There's no real protocol in hip hop because the music is too new, so we just go with what we feel. All I need is for Lyor to sign the check. But be clear, we consult [with him] every day."



IRV GOTTI has acted as consultant to Def Jam since 1997. He's acted as A&R director for DMX as well. Gotti is launching his own label, *Murder Inc.*, in a joint venture with Epic/Sony.

"Any artist that signs to Def Jam is gonna get a certain amount of light, but if you think that just because you're on Def Jam you're gonna be platinum, you're gonna be on the shelf. Def Jam is good when the artist is hot, but it's up to the A&R to

get them to that point.

"I heard all the negative shit about Lyor: 'He's shylike.' 'You don't pronounce his name Lee-or, it's Lie-or,' but just watching how he operates I got a label deal, but it's with Epic/Sony. The key difference is money. [But] Lyor is my man, I'm down for life."



CHRIS LIGHTY is CEO of Violator Records, a Def Jam joint-label venture, and Violator Management. His big Violator Records successes have been Warren G and Foxy Brown. Violator Management handles a roster of artists including Busta Rhymes, Q-Tip, Missy Elliott, and Noreaga.

"I entered into a joint venture with Def Jam because Lyor forced me [laughs]. There was more money elsewhere, but I'd had a relationship with Lyor since, like, 1995. Foxy could not have blown up the same way without Def Jam. With Lyor, ours is a father-son type thing. He's a raving lunatic. But how many CEOs' offices can I burgle into? There's no real training ground for music executives, and while people say, 'If you make it in New York you can make it anywhere,' they should say, 'If you can make it at Def Jam you can make it anywhere.' Lyor pushes you to be more than you were yesterday. Russell Simmons is the guru on the mountain. He's behind glass—break only in case of war. You can't use the Russell juice card on shit you can solve yourself."



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HARD KNOCK HOT SPOTS

Where to catch hip hop's hottest on stage

It's been close to 15 years since Public Enemy, Whodini, L.L. Cool J, and Run-D.M.C. devastated U.S. arenas on Def Jam's Fresh Fest Tour. Now, with the 40-city *Hard Knock Life* Tour, Jay-Z, DMX, Redman, and Method Man look to match that O.G. package in terms of size, scope, and defness. All of the featured MCs on the *Hard Knock Life* Tour—which was scheduled to start February 27 at the Charlotte Coliseum and ends in Dayton, Ohio's Nutter Center on May 2—have gone platinum with their latest releases, while host DJ Clue's debut, *The Professional*, has gone gold. How will they be living on the road? At each date, Redman requests "grilled or baked (not fried) fish;" "two bottles of Hennessy;" and "plenty of yellow, blue, and green onstage lighting." Jay-Z requires "filet mignon and lobster" and "two bottles of Malibu coconut rum." Here are some select dates to check for:

March 4	Cleveland	CSU Convocation Center
March 7	Houston	Compaq Center
March 12	Detroit	Cobo Hall
March 22	Buffalo	Marine Midland
March 26	Baltimore	Baltimore Arena
March 27	Boston	Fleet Center
March 28	Long Island	Nassau Coliseum
April 2	Milwaukee	Milwaukee Arena
April 3	Memphis	Mid South Coliseum
April 4	Chicago	Rosemont Horizon
April 10	Atlanta	Lakewood Amphitheatre
April 11	Birmingham	Birmingham-Jefferson Coliseum
April 15	Phoenix	Blockbuster Desert Sky Pavilion
April 17	Anaheim	Arrowhead Pond
April 18	Las Vegas	Thomas & Mack Center
April 21	Seattle	Tacoma Dome
April 27	Denver	Fiddler's Green
April 30	Minneapolis	Target Center
May 1	Kansas City	Kemper Arena



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Having survived the end of his group, a coronary attack, and open-heart surgery, Eric "Everlast" Schrody scores big with a honky-tonk rock 'n' rap record.

By Marc Weingarten



HOUSE OF BLUES

All he can remember from that day is the bright hospital lights burning into his comas as he signed a release granting permission for the doctors to cut him open.

The next thing Eric "Everlast" Schrody knew, he had a seven-inch incision down the center of his chest and a plastic tube in his heart where an artery used to be.

"My memory's kinda fogged up," says the guitar-slashing rapper of his heart failure and subsequent replacement-valve surgery last winter, the by-product of a congenital birth defect. "But the whole thing was kinda buggy. Two days later I was up and about, but I don't remember any of it."

It's been a little more than a year since Everlast played hide-and-seek with the Great Hereafter, though you wouldn't know it from watching the man take care of business in his manager's Los Angeles office. Hunched over a schematic of the stage set for his upcoming tour with pop-ska band Sugar Ray, he's spitting out ideas like verbal buckshot.

"Yo, I want two strobe lights that shine, like, right into the audience's eyes," he tells his handlers. "Just like Radiohead did on their last tour. And we should have a velvet Elvis painting in front of the stage."

Overdrive is the only way this 29-year-old musical polymath knows how to function these days, now that his startling rock-meets-rap album *Whitey Ford Sings the Blues* (Tommy Boy) has him nipping the Top 10 on *Billboard*'s pop album chart for the first time in his career. To do so, he had to split with his old hip hop outfit, House of Pain, and shuck the Blawie Stone B-boy shtick for a guitar-driven twangy thang.

"When I made this record, I thought two things could happen," says Everlast, who made his first solo album, *Forever Everlasting* (Warner Bros.), back in 1990. "Either it's gonna do okay or my career's gonna be through. I'm singing, I'm playing the guitar, so I thought people would be like, 'What is this House of Pain dude doing? I just wanted to have fun, but I didn't expect all this.'"

Born in New York City, Everlast moved to L.A. at age 2, when his construction-worker dad migrated toward the abundant work opportunities then available in the vast, parched landscape of Simi Valley. A rapping prodigy, Everlast had worked with both psychedelic-hip hop legend Divine Styler and Ice-T's Rhyme Syndicate before his 17th birthday. He formed House of Pain in 1991 with fellow Taft High School classmates Daniel "Danny Boy" O'Connor and Leor "DJ Lethal" Dimant.

"Everlast had exceptional talent for a white rapper," says Styler. "At that time, which was around 1986, it wasn't being done at all—not even Vanilla Ice had hit then. I remember black people would watch him, and it would make them anxious because they wanted to say something bad, but they couldn't because he was so hot."

After House of Pain scored a top five pop hit with "Jump Around" in 1992, Everlast started making serious bank, but the cold-cash lifestyle didn't satisfy him for long. "It had got to the point where all I cared about was the size of the check," he says of his last days with the group. "I knew if I didn't leave I would regret it for the rest of my life."

Everlast bailed in 1996, right in the middle of a

performance at a record release party for the trio's third and last album, *Truth Crushed to the Earth Shall Rise Again*. Then, nothing—only an obligation to fulfill the terms of the contract he had signed with Tommy Boy in 1991 kept him in the loop. So Everlast chilled in his Hollywood Hills home, played his guitar, and jotted down ideas in his notebook. When his friend Dante Ross—a producer and former A&R executive who's worked with De La Soul and 3rd Bass—heard what Everlast was up to, he urged him to lay it all down on tape.

"I had always played guitar," Everlast says. "But I always resisted doing it on a hip hop record, 'cause people would be like, 'He's doing some artsy-fartsy shit!' I asked Dante, 'What the fuck place does guitar have on a hip hop record?'"

Nobody's asking that now. Fusing strident beats to fingerpicked riffs, *Whitey Ford* sounds something like Neil Young with a drum machine. Carried by grimy urban imagery and a winsome melody, the album's first single, "What It's Like," floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee. The follow-up, "Ends," follows suit, recasting Whodini's 1984 rap hit, "Friends," (jive) as a gruff-voiced, acoustic morality tale.

"I'm not trying to fool nobody," says Everlast in reference to his rock Jones. "There might be people who hear, 'What It's Like' and have no idea who I am and buy the record only to discover it's a hip hop record, but that's what I do. The album's like some country/hip hop/blues shit."

So sing the blues, Whitey. Like Pearl Jam said, you're still alive. **B**



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FULL CLIP: A DECADE OF GANG STARR

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PISTOL WHIPPED

Headlines are ablaze with accounts of rappers getting busted on weapons charges. Artists say they stay strapped because their wealth makes them walking targets. Is a loaded gun the best defense, or are armed MCs just asking for trouble? *By Denene Millner*

There he was, on January 15, Wu-Tang Clan's most infamous member, being led across our TV screens handcuffed and ducking into a squad car—again.

For the fourth time in the past seven months, Ol' Dirty Bastard, whom the police call Russell Jones, found himself in trouble with the law—but this time not for jacking some sneakers at a mall

or harassing his baby's mama. Police say the Brooklyn-born rap star opened fire on two undercover cops after they stopped him in his green Chevrolet Tahoe for driving with no headlights. The cops chased Dirty through the crowded streets of Crown Heights, Brooklyn, unloading eight shots into his car, final-

ly catching up with him at his aunt's house. He was charged with criminal possession of a firearm and attempted murder. On February 3, as VIBE went to press, the charges against the rapper were dropped. Still, his arrest made ODB the newest entry on a growing list of entertainers nabbed on weapons charges.

Less than three weeks before Dirty's run-in with the cops, Busta Rhymes

spent a night in the clink after Manhattan police found a loaded .45-caliber handgun in the backseat of his Benz. Earlier in '98, Coolio was arrested on a weapons charge in Lawndale, Calif., ex-Geto Boy Bushwick Bill and Wu's Ghostface Killah were busted in New York City, and No Limit rapper Mystikal was nabbed in Kenner, La. Several other artists—such as Snoop Dogg in



1993, Tupac in '94, Nas in '95, and Queen Latifah in '96—have all been

"These rappers get targeted because they're like walking ATMs."

caught with guns in their vehicles. And when they weren't stashing guns in their cars while they drove, it seems celebrities were trying to take their weapons onto planes. Over the past seven years, Martin Lawrence, Eddie Van Halen, Christian Slater, Harry Connick Jr., and Keith "Guru" Elam of Gang Starr all tried to take guns through airport security. The high-profile weapons arrests have practically created a crime category of its own: Stars Busted While Packing.

But while any celebrity might make headlines after a weapons charge, more often than not, it's young black rappers who are splashed across the front page. For every Eddie Van Halen arrested with a gun, it seems there are nearly half a dozen Bustos or ODBs getting chaf-

feured in the back of squad cars for the same offense. "We're finding that many young rappers are still involving themselves with the hoodlum life," says New York Police Department Lieut. Eric Adams, cofounder of the New York-based 100 Blacks in Law Enforcement. "Those who don't are considered sellouts."

Undoubtedly, some rappers do flash their firearms to solidify their status as hard rocks on the hip hop landscape. It only takes a glance through the racks of a record store to see that for artists like Scarface, Ice-T, and Mobb Deep, guns are a near obsession. They rhyme about weapons, pose with them on their album covers, and some even name themselves after their favorites—as did Mack 10, Peter Gunz, and Smif-N-Wessun (who, in response to complaints from the gun company Smith & Wesson, changed their name to Da Cocca Brovaz two years ago).

"At some level, guns are fashion accessories," says Nelson George, critic and author of *Hip Hop America* (Viking, 1998). "They're cool things to have. A lot of rappers go to gun clubs, practice at the range. Guns have always been a part of America as sort of a style thing."

George recounts how a prominent

entertainer, whom the author won't name, invited him to go gun shopping in Brooklyn six years ago. The artist had

recently been robbed and wanted a gun for protection. But when they got to the store, George says, the entertainer got caught up in the "romance" of high-power weaponry.

"He wanted a Glock with a laser sight and all the toys," George says. "On one hand, he had been rolled on—it was a bad experience—and he wanted to feel more comfortable and safe. On the other hand, he didn't want a .22. He wanted a really big, scary, sexy gun. He wanted a gun that, when he pulled it out, he wouldn't have to shoot."

George's shopping companion may have wanted his Glock just for

of Stepsun Records, agrees. "This money [rappers are making] isn't being passed around in Greenwich, Con-

necticut," he says. "These kids are going back to Lefrak, [Queens] and Bushwick, [Brooklyn] and East Orange, [New Jersey]. And they don't get some special treatment because they're there. They get targeted because they're like walking ATMs, essentially."

Sure enough, the list of rappers stuck for their paper and personal effects reads like the *Billboard* top 20: Foxy Brown, Ice Cube, and Suge Knight have all had their homes broken into. Tupac Shakur was shot five times and stripped of \$40,000 worth of jewelry in a robbery at a Manhattan recording studio in 1994. And just this past January, Guru got jacked

even label executives, for funds are often whispered about among industry insiders. One exec creak who used to walk the line between ill and legal says, "A lot of ex-dope dealers feel like it's safer to threaten artists and get money from them than it is to getting their hands dirty with crack."

Of course, when it comes to being gun happy, rappers have plenty in common with the rest of America. As of July 1998, there were more than 235 million firearms in the United States—almost as many as there are people living in America.

The difference is that the majority of gun owners in the country don't have constant run-ins with the law. Rappers are part of a select group particularly vulnerable to getting stopped by cops: young black men.

Following numerous, highly publicized complaints from around the country, police departments in states such as Pennsylvania, Florida, California, and Maryland are being investigated by various civil rights groups for "profiling"—that is, stopping vehicles and searching them based on the race of the driver. And in New Jersey, in 1994, a group of 19 black drivers filed a joint motion claiming they had been illegally targeted, stopped, searched, and arrested by troopers on the New Jersey Turnpike. New Jersey Superior Court Judge Robert E. Francis ruled in favor of the defendants, and said that profiling was indeed "tolerated [and] encouraged" by state police. New Jersey is now appealing



"We're finding that many young rappers are still involving themselves with the hoodlum life," says New York Police Department Lieut. Eric Adams.

show, but many artists insist that guns aren't about image, they're about protection.

According to Method Man, many artists arm themselves to keep from getting ganked. "We're targets, man, and people don't understand," he says. "I mean, our lives are in danger. If I got a gun, it's for protection. You have motherfuckers who love your music and would still rob your ass. Like, 'I'm sorry, dude. I love your music—but times is hard.'"

And when times is hard, who better to rob than someone who makes his living brag-

ing for his cell phone and a \$6,000 diamond Rolex outside of a Richmond Hill, Queens recording studio.

"People see someone out on the street," says Sadat X. "Maybe driving a nice car or having jewelry, and a lot of times it's just a mentality, 'Let's roll on him.'" Sadat says because they see themselves as targets, close to 80 percent of the rappers he knows carry weapons.

That adds up to a lot of guns. Especially when you include not just rappers but also their bodyguards, drivers, hanger-ons, and friends. It's

"He wanted a really big, scary, sexy gun. He wanted a gun that, when he pulled it out, he wouldn't have to shoot."



rumored that shortly before he was murdered in 1997, Biggie armed himself and about 40 of his boys when they traveled to a Los Angeles-area arena to do a show. Sources say Brooklyn's favorite son was trying to stave off a threat of violence from a local gang who had gotten upset when the rapper refused to pay off members for "protection" during his concert. Stories of real gangbangers extorting performers, and

the decision.

"Black males are being targeted," says Columbia University professor Michael Eric Dyson, author of *Race Rules* (Vintage, 1997). "Not only are they arrested at a higher percentage than whites, but they are tagged in a justice system that follows them the rest of their lives."

Still, law-enforcement agents argue that it's the rappers themselves who are

Brand Nubian MC Sadat X.

Bill Stephey, president and CEO



ILLUSTRATION BY ANITA KUNZ FOR VIBE

When it comes to being gun happy, rappers have plenty in common with the rest of America.



Caught packing heat: ODB being led out of the 77th Precinct in Brooklyn.
(From top right) Martin Lawrence and Busta Rhymes



"If I got a gun, it's for protection. You have people who love your music and would *stiii* rob your ass. Like, 'I'm sorry, dude. I love your music—but times is hard,'" says Method Man.

responsible for the high number of arrests by carrying on as though the laws don't apply to celebrities. In 1996, a security officer at New York's LaGuardia Airport found a loaded gun in Guru's carry-on bag. The serial number had been filed off. Guru reportedly looked at the officer and said, "I'm a rap star and a major producer. Can I have my gun back?" He was arrested.

Furthermore, say law enforcement

officials, some rappers don't even bother to learn gun laws, which vary from state to state. For instance, in New York, where a majority of rapper-with-gun arrests occur, a license is needed to keep a gun in a home or place of business—and it cannot be transported, not even down the block, unless the owner can prove he needs it for target shooting, hunting, or self-defense. In Georgia, on the other hand, weapon owners can have a gun in their homes, on the job, in their cars, and even at the park—provided

they have a license to carry it.

According to Lieutenant Adams, if rappers insist on carrying guns they need to remember that they're not just targets of potential assailants, but of the police as well. "No matter what state you're in, everybody knows that a black man plus a gun equals criminal," Adams says. "Even black cops allowed to carry guns in other states leave their guns at home because they understand this. [Rappers] are not dumb," Adams continues. "If you can create and remember rhymes in your head, then

you can damn sure remember in which state you can carry a firearm."

But Naughty by Nature protégé Mag, whose album *Hustla'z Heaven* (Relativity) was released March 2, says, "I'd rather go down [get arrested] than be killed. I feel like this: Even if you are not a rich rapper, people want to take what you got. That's the reason I think all rappers should carry guns. [If they don't already], eventually they are going to go through things that make them carry one. You want to live another day, protect yourself." ■



...and it don't stop



represent yourself

THE DEUCE

Photographs taken by William Butterworth and Andrew Garn in New York City, 1979–85.
Text by Guy Gonzales



Once upon a time, N.Y.C.'s 42nd Street was the only place to lose the ill-street blues—but those days are gone. One sex-industry survivor takes a nostalgic look back at the G-stringed gyrations of a lost generation.





Farewell, sweet Deuce. Once you were the filthiest show in town. Massage parlors, peep shows, all-night theaters starring Pam Grier, Bruce Lee, and Vanessa del Rio. Triple-X and excess. Live Nude Girls! The neon-laced avenue of disgrace.

I came to you, disillusioned, and you allowed me to escape—at least until tomorrow. I started out mopping booths then rose to loftier positions, but the buzz was always the same. You were the baddest, but I *believed* in you. You fulfilled me, then, as punishment, sucked the life out of me. I don't blame you; how could I? You were a part of me. You gave me the freedom to be myself.

Deuce, you were *everything*—from a nervous breakdown to a break dance outta the Boogie Down. You were a thriving ghetto culture in the heart of Manhattan, an all-night hustlers convention, a thoroughway of indecency on the boulevard of broken hopes. But you were also the last refuge for vanishing tribes, some on the verge of extinction—from midgets to midnight



Starring **KAR LING**
and **TIEN PENG**

THE DEFUGE

**FLYING
MASTER
OF KUNG FU**

PROD. BY
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THE DEUCE



cowboys, Israelites to hermaphrodites. The peep freaks and the cubicle cuties. The amazon glam queens and money-mad muthafuckas with juice. True-skoool hip hoppers pledging allegiance to Planet Rock and fine-vined sultans flaunting their illicitness with threads of distinction. You welcomed them all with equal indifference.

Show World was like a traffic jam of orgasms. Within this funky labyrinth of video stalls, you could beat your meat to the tune of 25-cent tokens dropping in the cash box. As "Juicy Fruit" drifted from the tape deck, lurid love teams performed sex acts on stage—all for your viewing pleasure. At Show World, you didn't have to take your clothes off to have a good time.

Snow was her stage name. We did shows together. She was young and vivacious, and so outrageous. Then someone turned her on to drugs. It was like something inside of her was making her life hell. She was unable to turn the tide of her abuse, and, like so many others, did herself in. I never got to say goodbye. I wish I could have told her that she was a good person.

Deuce, you spawned a squalor that was somehow linked to your survival. But then *freeze* rock replaced the body rock; the street's erratic rhythm became the syncopation of





self-destruction. Once your marquees blazed blasploitation, but then neglect gave way to deterioration. Your theaters became way stations for the damned. That's when Mickey Mouse moved in.

Former stripper and rap-label exec Monica Lynch spoke for many of us in a recent interview: "I am saddened by the loss of the seedy elements of New York. It's strange to take a cab ride down Disney-Second Street." She spoke of "all those displaced strippers and dancers, some of them trannies, some of them regular tinks, some gay males, all trying to plot their next moves."

What you see here is a family album of down-and-outcasts. Run-aways, hardrocks, and homeless harlots. Some had track marks, some had pregnant tummies, some had dicks. But all these fallen angels of forbidden fantasies are seen here as they saw themselves. The photographer was like one of us, selling portraits to help us remember The Life. As if we could forget. ▣



THE DUCE



V RIDE



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JON GIPE JANUARY 10, 1990, VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA



LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

From platinum hits to platinum whips, Virginia's **Timbaland** rides in high style.

In less than three years, 26-year-old Tim "Timbaland" Mosley has changed the face of the music scene with his signature electro-bounce soundscapes. With a production résumé that includes Aaliyah, Ginuwine, Missy Elliott, Total, Magoo, Jay-Z, Nas, and his own solo album, *Tim's Bio: From the Motion Picture: Life from Da Bassment* (Blackground/Atlantic, 1998), Timbaland's magic touch has contributed to the sale of more than 10 million records. And with that track record, *The Man From The Big V.A.* deserves to drive the baddest vehicle on the block.

"I don't really have the excitement for the cars like when I first started," Timbaland says, sitting in his completely handmade titanium-gray Lamborghini Diablo Roadster. "Now I'm just trying to get rid of my cars because I feel like I've outgrown that. I'm looking into some property." But in the past year, Tim has bought or traded five cars (two Lamborghinis, a drop-top Bentley Azure VT, a Ferrari 355, and a Ferrari 348TS) from Ron Frost of the Nelson Auto Group (an Ohio dealership that Tim found advertised in *The Robb Report*). And all this without a single test drive! "I've never met him in person," says Frost, who's sold cars to Robert Smith of the Minnesota Vikings and John Cougar Mellencamp among others. "All of our transactions have been over the phone. Tim will call on Tuesday and want his car delivered to his house by Friday."

While some folks load up on extras like dashboard TV sets and fur seat covers, Tim shuns flashy gadgets, adding only the charming ghetto touch of 20-odd \$1 scented air fresheners (in Wild Cherry, Vanillaroma, CinnaBerry, and Strawberry) that hang from each of his rearview mirrors. But Timbaland remains confidently unconcerned about his material possessions. "I got two cars that cost more than a lot of people's houses," he says matter-of-factly. "And all of them are completely paid for. In cash." Can't all really feel him?

Minya Ob and Hyun Kim



HOT WHEELS, FAST FACTS

Tim's car collection includes:

- A \$310,000 1998 titanium-gray Lamborghini Diablo Roadster;
- a \$350,000 1998 poshcock blue Bentley Azure VT; an \$85,000 1998 emerald green Mercedes-Benz customized CLK;
- a \$50,000 1998 black Lincoln Navigator. A 1998 cobalt blue Lexus GS 400 was recently given to his younger brother, G.W., an aspiring rapper.

My First Beemer: After the 1993 double-platinum release of Jodeci's *Diary of a Mad Band* (Upfront/RCA), which Timbaland helped produce, he treated himself to his very first car—a used 1991 midnight blue BMW 325.

Road Less Traveled: Tim's Bentley has traveled a whopping 6,667 miles.

Vanity Fare: As a hardcore movie fan, Tim leased the license plate of his Lamb—CASTOR T—after the villain Castor Troy from his favorite film *Face/Off*. He also had a Ferrari named after Castor's brother, Pollock's Troy.

Go Speed Racer! The Bentley's top speed is 170 mph while the Lamborghini can go 0-60 mph in 3 seconds and can reach speeds of 220 mph. "I drove the Lamborghini 140 mph on the street down by my house," says Tim.

Musical Drive-by: When not making beats, Tim listens to these tracks in his cars: Eagle Eye Cherry *Deer/Veiled* (Columbia, 1998), the Cordcings *Gran Turismo* (Polygram, 1998), Björk *Debut* (Elektra, 1993), Lauryn Hill *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* (Ruffhouse/Columbia, 1998).





Puff Daddy, "I'll Be Missing You"

*"Notorious they got to know that / Life ain't always what it seems to be /
Words can't express what you mean to me"*

Jay-Z, "Hard Knock Life"

"Flow infinitely like the memory of my nigger Biggie, bay-by"

Silkk the Shocker, "End of the Road"

"I'm sick of the East and West Coast crap / this East and West Coast trap /
We lost two of the biggest MCs to East and West Coast rap"

Lil' Kim, "Will They Die 4 You"

"My nigger Big I'ma ride for, but there ain't too many niggas that I'll die for"

Styles (of the Lox), "We'll Always Love Big Poppa"

"Frank White lyrically moved niggas spiritually / ...if you seen the show I
know you felt the energy"

STILL MISSING BIG POPPA

Mister Gee as told to Minya Oh

The first time I met Biggie Smalls, he came to my house with a white T-shirt on, black jeans, lookin' grimy and hungry. It was 1991, and I was deejaying for Big Daddy Kane, just home from our Taste of Chocolate tour. I grew up with Big's first DJ, Fifty Grand, and he kept telling me, "You got to hear this kid from Fulton [Street] and St. James [Place]." They had a home demo of Big rhyming over people's beats.

I always tell people it was instant, just like when I first heard Kane rhyme. Slick metaphors like: "Loot like Michael Jackson / Kicks like Bo Jackson / Bitches like Freddie Jackson / No need for askin' / My crew, oooo / No frontin' no fakin' moves / Fightin' and fuckin'—the same thing—we stick-n-move." What?!!!! It's '91, and this is a kid in the street saying shit like that? He was more advanced than anything at the time. The delivery, the confidence. When you heard this demo, you knew he was an artist, a star, already. It wasn't no molding, no nothing—just natural lyrical skills, and to this day that's something very rare.

[Chuckling] I think people have come to the realization that this kid was the greatest rapper, if not of all time, then of this decade. And one thing about a lotta MCs is they don't like to give other MCs credit. But with the impact he made, every East Coast MC from '92 on should be on they knees thanking Big for bringing New York back. You gotta remember that before that time, East Coast rap wasn't competin' with N.W.A., Dr. Dre. They was killin' us, and then this kid came through. But sometimes it takes for somebody to leave for us to understand what we miss. So that's why you'll keep hearing MCs pay tribute to him 'cause, honest to God, it's hard to believe that he's gone. I remember when we laughed at how white people refuse to let Elvis go, and now we still go crazy for Biggie and Pac. But when you love somebody like that, you're gonna keep them in your heart forever.

Mister Gee, Kane's longtime DJ, associate executive-produced B.I.G.'s first album, *Ready to Die*. He still lives in Brooklyn and hosts a weekly radio show on N.Y.C.'s Hot 97 (WQHT-FM).

Christopher Wallace: May 21, 1972–March 9, 1997

Canibus, "Second Round K.O."

"The greatest rapper of all time died on March 9"

Nas, "We Will Survive"

"What Up, Big / Shit is rough since you slid / You in God's hands now / Save a place for me kid"

Black Star, "Redefinition"

"Rockin' before Funkmaster Flex was rockin' Starter / Pac and Biggie was still cool / Before they was martyrs"

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNA LIXENBERG

A full-page photograph of a woman standing on a sandy beach, holding a large, dark towel over her head with both arms. She is wearing a white long-sleeved raglan sweater and white bikini bottoms. She has long dark hair and is wearing sunglasses. The background shows a beach with other people in the distance under a cloudy sky. The lighting is soft, suggesting late afternoon or early morning.

*White raglan fitted sweater by Polo
Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN; white
cotton knit bikini by United Colors of
Benetton; towel by Dolce & Gabbana;
watch by Swatch
Face & Body: After-sun moisturizer
spray by The Body Shop in Water-
melon; after-sun cooling gel with aloe
vera by Hawaiian Tropic*

SOME LIKE IT HOT

THESE SEXY, SPORTY
SPRING LOOKS CREATE
SPARKS IN SOUTH AMERICA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIDE CERNUSCHI.
STYLING BY EMIL WILBEKIN

RIO DE JANEIRO IS ALWAYS SIZZLING—FROM ITS WORLD-RENOWNED SAMBA-DRIVEN *CARNAVALS* TO ITS FUNKY BLACK-AND-WHITE-MOSAIC-LINED COPACABANA AND IPANEMA BEACHES. BUT THE BRAZILIAN HOT SPOT IS GETTING EVEN SUNTRIER—AND RESURRECTING ITS GLAMOROUS '30S. JET-SET, JAMES BOND—*MOONRAKER* IMAGE.

THE CITY'S REVIVAL CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO A NUMBER OF THINGS: THE CURRENT WORLDWIDE POP SUCCESS OF THE NEW SOUND IN LATIN MUSIC; THE RISE OF THE LOUNGE-MUSIC SCENE IN NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES WHERE DJs SPIN THE TUNES OF COMPOSER ANTÔNIO CARLOS JOBIM AND OTHER BOSSA NOVA BEATS; THE HUGE HOLLYWOOD BUZZ ON WALTER SALLES JR.'S LATEST FEATURE FILM, *CENTRAL STATION*. SET IN BRAZIL: OR THE FASHION WORLD'S OF-THE-MOMENT MODELS BEING DARK AND CURVACEOUS BRAZILIAN BOMBHELLS.

OR MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE RIO, WHICH BOASTS A POPULATION OF 10 MILLION, IS ULTRAMODERN (EVIDENCED BY OSCAR NIEMEYER'S FUTURISTIC ARCHITECTURE AND THE REMARKABLY PHYSICALLY FIT SOCIETY IN WHICH EVERYONE'S ALWAYS AT THE BEACH PLAYING VOLLEYBALL OR SOCCER, WALKING, OR RIDING THEIR BICYCLES).

WELL, WHATEVER IS SPURRING THIS EXPLOSION, JUST GO WITH THE FLOW, AND BLAME IT ON RIO—OR THE 98-FOOT-TALL STATUE OF JESUS CHRIST THAT WATCHES OVER THE CITY.
E.W.

Gray cotton swim shorts with side pockets by Kenneth Cole
Sportswear; hat by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN; gray nylon
swimsuit by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN; sunglasses by
Fendi & Body; Orange gel sunscreen by Bain de Soleil; here at
conditioner by The Body Shop in Banana



Clockwise from right: Black bikini with tie by Dolce & Gabbana; wrap by Island Trading Company; gold bandeau top bikini by Dolce & Gabbana; periwinkle swim trunks with orange trim and tie by Island Trading Company; green bikini by Marni; Lurex hat by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN; green nylon bikini with boy short and green nylon boardshorts, both by Tommy Hilgner; white bikini by Tommy Hilgner; towel by Norel by Carol Co.; Polo & Ralph Lauren; tanning oil by Norel by Carol Co.; age-fighting protective sun gel by AOMN SPF 15; protective tanning dry oil by Hawaiian Tropic; leave-in conditioner by American Crew



"IN RIO, MUSIC IS HOT." SAYS NATIVE CAROLINA S&A. 23. HOST OF MTV BRAZIL'S STYLE SHOW MODA ESPORTE CLUBE, WHICH COVERS FASHION, MUSIC, AND CULTURE. "MUSIC IN BRAZIL HAS ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTING. BUT NOW IT'S GETTING INTERNATIONAL—BECK AND SEAN LEWON ARE BOTH GETTING INTO BRAZILIAN MUSIC."

White cotton tank top with sheer silk pink print overlay and pink wood print, both by Helmut Lang, watch by Swatch.
Face & Body: Self-tanning milk by Clarins fit; Clinique fit; SPF 15, waterproof mascara by L'OREAL.
Tourmaline in Brown, lip lacquer by MACS in Tiffany, volumizing hair treatment by Wella Liquid Hair Physical Therapy



From left: Light gray stretch cotton zip-front jacket by Gene Meyer; navy nylon swim shorts by Nautica by David Chu; white cotton wrap skirt by C. Wilkeson; XS Shaggy red bikini by Nautica by David Chu; quilted wrap skirt by C. Wilkeson; anacardo bandana top bikini by Nautica by David Chu; white cotton floral embroidered camisole dress with drawstring by Helena by David Chu; white cotton wrap skirt by C. Wilkeson; XS Shaggy red bikini by Nautica by David Chu; Only Males; watch by Swatch; towel by Nautica by David Chu; Price & Body; After-sun moisturizer by Nivea; atomizer by Evlen; lip moisturizer by Clinique SPF 15



Black cotton flannel shirt by Sandy Dole,
cream track pants by Marica by David
Chic, sunglasses by Ray Ban, bike by
Caleo, watch by Swatch,
cotton tank top by Fruit de
Soleil, SPF 15, no moisturizer by Bioré,
fragrance, Green Irish Tweed by CREED





From left: Green and sailing jacket, sweatshirt, cropped pants by *Ray-Ban*; blue t-shirt, black leggings, black cap, sunglasses by *Ray-Ban*; blue t-shirt, white shorts, pants by *Moschino Marc*; black cotton wave-length pants by *AXX Armani Exchange*; necklace by *Erinason*; sunglasses by *Ray-Ban*; black t-shirt, black shorts, crew T-shirt, navy cargo shorts, and hat, all by *Polo Jeans Co.*; *DALPHY LAUREN*; navy drawstring cropped pants and blue and navy tank top, both by *Nautica*; by *David Gilt*



"EVERYTHING IN MUSIC IS ABOUT FASHION BECAUSE EVERYONE WANTS TO BE A STAR," SAYS SINGER CARLINHOS BROWN, 36, WHO JUST RELEASED HIS SECOND ALBUM, *OMELETTE MAN* (EMI LATIN). "BUT YOU HAVE TO BE TALENTED TO BE A STAR," SAYS THE NATIVE OF BAHIA, A MOSTLY BLACK AREA NORTH OF RIO. "MUSIC IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE ARTIST. MUSIC IS ETERNAL. THE ARTIST IS ONLY HERE FOR A SHORT TIME."



White cotton and elastin short-sleeve no-pocket button-down shirt by Dolce & Gabbana; beaded necklace by Island Trading Company



JOHN BARTLETT'S DEBUT COLLECTION FOR BYBLOS IS A HIT AT THE ESCOLA DE SAMBA SALGUEIRO, WHERE PRESIDENT FERNANDO CARDOSO PREPARES HIS SAMBA SCHOOL FOR THE UPCOMING CARNAVAL SEASON.

From left: Yellow cotton cardigan, batik linen pinst pant, vintage hat, batik linen print blazer, yellow cotton short-sleeve sweater, yellow flat-front pant, olive linen bikini top with floral straps, and mustard suede maxi skirt with crochet seams, all by Byblos by John Bartlett.

Face & Body: City base foundation by Clinique in Rich Mocha; eyebrow pencil by Senna Brow Shaper in Dark Taupe; brow fix by Origins in Clear; eye shadow by M.A.C. in Peleina; blush by Aveda in Nutmeg; lip gloss by Estée Lauder in Plum Lights; hair texturizer gel by Wella Liquid Hair Putty; fragrance, Happy by Clinique



From left: Cream cotton short-sleeve shirt by Calvin Klein; cream ribbed knit turtleneck sweater by Cerruti 1981; watch by Tag Heuer; white blazer by Moschino Mare; white cotton pant with zippers by COSTUME NATIONAL; sunglasses by Calvin Klein.

Face & Body: Loose powder by Clinique in *déplus*; illuminating lotion by *Beneffits in Gold*; blush by AVEDA in *Gander*; illuminating cream-based powder by NARS in *South Beach*; lip liner by M.A.C in *Chestnut*; no gloss by M.A.C in *Clear*; hair fragrance, Envy by Gucci; hair fragrance, *Aure* Homme by CHANEL.



"EVERYBODY HERE IS INTO SPORTS," SAYS FABIO DIAS, 25, MODEL AND HOST OF MTV BRAZIL'S TV SPORTS. "IT'S LIKE L.A. AND MIAMI—EVERYBODY IS TAKING CARE OF THE BODY! I TALK WITH PEOPLE ON THE STREETS ABOUT SPORTS: BASKETBALL, SOCCER, AND SNOWBOARDING." CONTINUES THE 340 POUND NATIVE, "BEACH VOLLEY IS REALLY GREAT RIGHT NOW AND MARTIAL ARTS—ESPECIALLY JIU-JITSU."

Navy velle cotton shirt by Maurice Maloué; cream nylon track pant by Neudica by David Chu; white nylon and Lycra seamless sleeveless T-shirt by Calvin Klein Underwear; black nylon and Lycra matte hardware logo bikini by Calvin Klein; shoes by Dolce & Gabbana Face & Body: Toner by The Body Shop in Tea Tree Oil; body lotion by Palmers Cocoa Butter; fragrance, contradiction for men and women by Calvin Klein.

SEE THE DETAILS

W I N N

2017 年 4 月 1 日

gear

The Real Goods™

conversational shirts

From talk shows to tabloids, it seems like everybody's got something to talk about. In case you are feeling tongue-tied this spring, sportswear designers are giving you something new to speak on. Shiny pull-ons of these Will "Gettin' Jerky With It" Emilio-style Hawaiian shirts, and you won't have a moment's peace they're called "conversational" because they spark so much discussion. Choose from printed playful canals, hibiscus, take girls' pants from, or Charles de Gaulle and be the life of the party—at the talk of the town. SEE THE DETAILS. —E.W.

Rob O'Leary
Polo shirt by
ECKO Unltd.

Tropicana shirt
by EXAT

Hawaiian print
shirt by Polo
Javani Co.
RALPH LAUREN

Bamboo print shirt
by Sean John

Wrangler shirt
by Enyce

Jamaican
shirt
by GUESS

Recreation
Leathered
by Fred Perry

China print shirt
by 555-SOUL

Dragon print
shirt by Nautico
Marine Denim

Seaside print
shirt by
Minnica Co.

Leather print shirt
by Enyce

Mesa print shirt by
Tommy Hilger

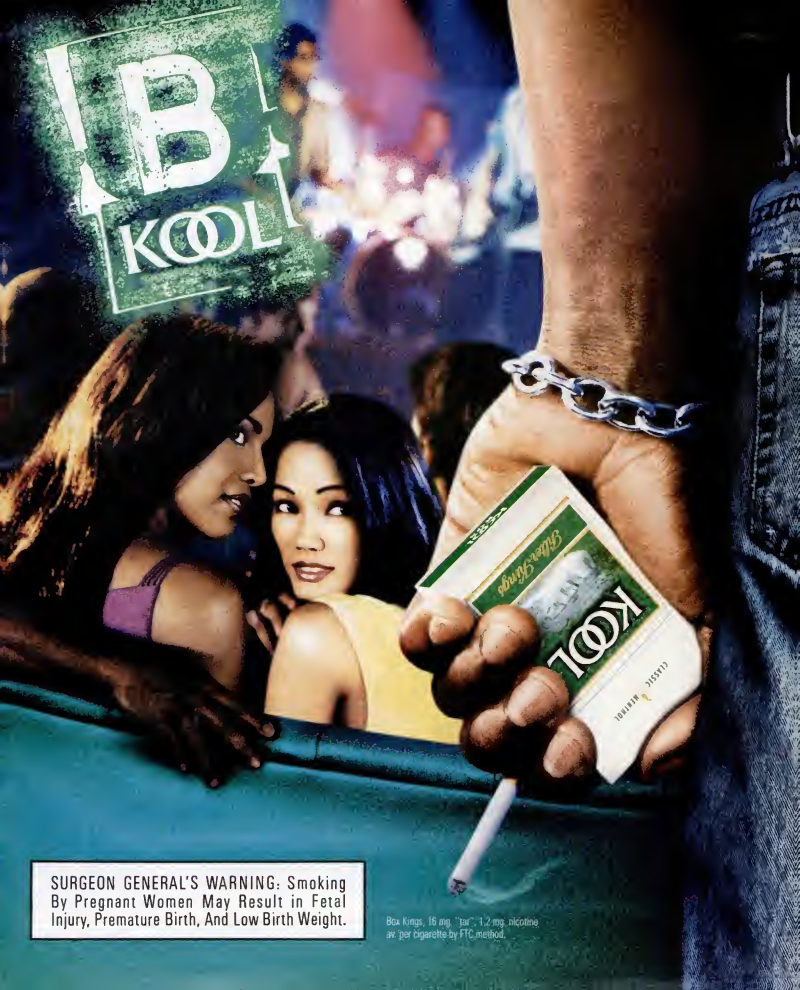
scoop food for fierce fashionistas

The Mod Squad, Aaron Spelling's late-'60s/early-'70s TV show, is back. This time it's a film starring Omar Epps, Claire Daines, and Giovanni Ribisi as three hip LAPD undercover cops with lots of style and attitude. Levi's was so inspired by the costuming in the MGM remake that they created a limited-edition collection of jeans, shirts, jackets, and accessories based on the film. The duds are available at select Original Levi's Stores, major department stores nationwide, or by checking out www.levi.com. Look who's wearing Killer Loop's raw and edgy high-performance eyewear: R. Kelly, Big Pun, L.L. Cool J., Xzibit, and Sporty Spice. Talk about cool vision.... What do Chris Tucker in *Rush Hour*, Bruce Willis in *The Siege*, and Aidan Quinn in *Practical Magic* all have in common? Each of these Hollywood honchos is wearing a Breitling watch in his silver-screen scenes. Catch them on home video and see what time it is.... Olympic track champion Carl Lewis can't stay out of the fast lane. The runner, who set seven world records, is now trying his hand at fashion with the debut of Carl Lewis Menswear.... Speaking of being on the fast track: UNIONBAY will be sponsoring the 1999 U.S. Open Snowboarding Championship at Stratton Mountain, Vt., March 18-21.... The latest trend in boarding is called "grinding." No, it's not a new R. Kelly dance. It's jumping and sliding along curbs and handrails. Always one step ahead, Rollerblade, Inc. has introduced the RB™ Grind Shoe. Now you can do the same tricks skateboarders and in-line skaters do—without the wheels. A new spin on an old idea? Emil Wilbekin

sneak peak

Shadow Original by Saucony. \$45
Want some new flava? Try on these next-millennium joints to go with your spring khakis and cargo pants.





SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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LOOK
screen • tv • tech



Hollywood Helper

After a year of tepid sex scenes, lame lizards, and ridiculous lines, it's movie awards time, and VIBE has got plenty for ya. These ain't the Oscars, baby!

*By Stephen
Rebello*

ILLUSTRATION BY MATT MANURIN FOR VIBE



The Academy Awards are just around the corner, but Hollywood insiders are still reeling over what a wacky movie year it was. Supposed surefire hits like *Godzilla*, *The Siege*, and *He Got Game* slid down the tubes while audiences packed theaters for retardo fare like *There's Something About Mary* and *The Waterboy*. Even the animated *The Rugrats Movie* trounced *Beloved*, the mega-touted Oprah Winfrey vehicle based on Toni Morrison's Pulitzer Prize winner.

In a year when shock comedies ruled and serious movies drooled, we say, Who cares what the Academy thinks? We know what you *really* go to the movies for: to laugh at the most ridiculous lines, peep the hottest love scenes, and watch with glee as another multimillion-dollar career goes up in smoke. To celebrate this year's movie-awards season, VIBE raises a glass to the flicks worth toasting and offers up a roll of pooch-pooch paper to the real stinkers.



**THE JUST DO IT
ALREADY Award**
Enemy of the State
(Buena Vista)

Will Smith and Lisa Bonet looked extra ripe for serious shelf scorching during their brief moments on screen. But then we got left hanging. What's the use in throwing together two hotties (well, Bonet, anyway) if they're not going to peel off their clothes, caress each other's velvety skin, rub hot oil... well, you get the idea.



**THE MAYBE WE
SHOULD JUST BE
FRIENDS Award**
He Got Game (Buena Vista)

Audiences suffered third-degree freezer burn when Spike Lee shackled Frigidaire man Denzel Washington to the glam/skanky, milky-white ice queen Kim Jovovich in this sappy tale of redemption. Things haven't been this frosty since he paired up with Whitney Houston in *The Preacher's Wife* (Buena Vista, 1996). Memo to box office-challenged Denzel: time for some on-screen sizzle. Remember *Mo' Better Blues* (Universal, 1990)?



**THE HANDS-DOWN
WORST LINE OF THE
YEAR Award**

Bulworth (20th Century Fox)

Who didn't let out a horrified *No she didn't!* when gorgeous ghetto sista Nina (Halle Berry) let twice-her-age, white-and-uptight U.S. Senator Jay Bulworth (Warren Beatty) take her clubbing and kiss her up before telling him, "You my nigga." More like, "You could be my fatha—my father *whity*, that is."



**THE IS THAT MOUSSE
OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY
TO SEE ME Award**

There's Something About Mary

(20th Century Fox)
Cameron Diaz got crowned Hollywood's "It" girl for looking innocently sexy even while gelling her hair with Ben Stiller's joy juice. But then her next flick, *Very Bad Things* (PolyGram), tanked. Seems like Diaz has no flavor without Stiller's extra-creamy secret sauce.



**THE I'LL NEVER WORK
IN THIS TOWN AGAIN
Award**
American History X
(New Line)

Clearly not one for politicking, director Tony Kaye—while discussing star Edward Norton, the executives at New Line, and, for all we know, everyone else in Hollywood—predicted: "In two or three years, these people are going to be humbled into oblivion by me. All of them will crawl and beg to work with me again. But my door is closed to them. I will crush them. I will decimate them."



**THE SO IT'S FINALLY
COME TO THIS Award**

The Waterboy (Buena Vista)

In what can only be seen as a bald-faced celebration of utter stupidity, ticket sales soared and audiences roared over Adam Sandler's take on a moronic mama's boy turned gridiron phenom. Now that we've made Sandler a \$20 million movie

star, we'll only have ourselves to blame for *Waterboy 17: Milking It for Every Last Drop*.



**THE SOFIA COPPOLA
DON'T QUIT YOUR
DAY JOB Award**

Belly (Artisan)

Around Hollywood, musicive maestro Hype Williams got nicknamed "Self-Hype" after coming on like, "Don't bother me I'm a genius," then turning out an incoherent, hyperviolent, head-spinning mess. Even stars Nas, DMX, and Method Man couldn't save Hype's big-screen judgment day.



**THE OUT OF THE
MOUTHS OF
BABES Award**

Wild Things (Sony)

In a very Jerry Springer-esque moment, this intentionally raunchy, unintentionally hilarious sex thriller featured rich-girl Barbie doll Denise Richards lunging at swamp-trash Barbie Neve Campbell while growling, "You skanky bitch!"



**THE MUCH ADO ABOUT
NOTHING Award**

Godzilla (Sony)

For a giant radioactive mutant lizard, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You had zero personality. Zero verve. Zero style. Hell, you didn't even breathe fire.



**THE JUNIOR MISS
IF I RULED THE
WORLD Award**

I Still Know What You Did Last Summer (Sony)

Just before the opening of this anemic horror flick, Brandy demurely announced in *Entertainment Weekly*, "I have so many goals. I want to open a hair salon, one for hair and one for braids. I want to own some buildings and rent them out. I want to be a model—you know, Gap jeans and stuff like that. I want to do the whole TV and movie production thing and have my own label and do the foundation thing and go to Oprah and tell her that I'm into that, 'cause,

you know, she's into helping people now. I just don't want to have to work when I'm 23." Keep it up, and that might not be a problem, missy.



**THE KICKIN'-EST
DANCE SCENE Award**

Living Out Loud (New Line)

With Queen Latifah grooving on the sidelines, Holly Hunter got down and funky with a bunch of panssexual extras in the only justification for that new movie cliché—the chick dance of liberation. See also *Stepmom* (Sony), *Practical Magic* (Warner Bros.), and *Hope Floats* (20th Century Fox).



**THE NAIL-BITER OF
THE YEAR Award**

Armageddon
(Buena Vista)

No, we're not talking about that stupid asteroid, we're talking *na! suspense*. Will all those wind machines blow off Bruce Willis's spiky blue-collar 'do? Will that blazing heat melt Ben Affleck's five pounds of bronzer? Will Liv Tyler's facial expression ever change?



**THE BAG ME ON A
GRACK OF CHEESE
Award**

What Dreams May Come

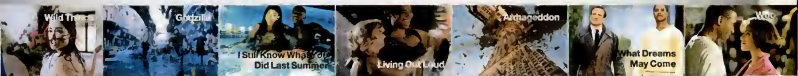
(PolyGram)
Cuba Gooding Jr.'s guiding angel in the vomitously goopy afterlife flick was either the year's biggest hunk of *fronage* or the first screen performance by a human Furby.



**THE GOD, MY MIRROR
LOOKS GOOD Award**

Woo (New Line)

Heads up, Barbra Streisand: Jada Pinkett Smith's coming up from the rear. Woo wasn't much more than 80 minutes of star/producer Miss Jada driving every man on screen insane by strutting her booty in tight dresses and spiky heels. Now, if she had been Lisa Bonet it wouldn't have been such a problem.



screen

gary dauphin's flick picks

movie preview

TRUE CRIME (WARNER BROS.)

Superstar actor/director Clint Eastwood races the clock as a reporter who discovers that a convicted murderer (Isaiah Washington) is innocent only hours before he's scheduled for execution. (Oops!) *True Crime*'s already been pegged as 1999's grown-up shoot-'em-up, but the big treat should be watching Eastwood apply his formidable directing skills to one of the industry's trickiest gambits: He is unraveling his mystery in "real time."



movie preview

CARRIE 2 (UNITED ARTISTS)

The original scream queen returns—sort of. Taking a special-effects route to prom-night mayhem, the new *Carrie* stars original cast member Amy Irving as the lone survivor of 1976's small-town horror. (Canadian newcomer Emily Bergl plays the unlucky telekinetic teen.) United Artists is gambling that giving this horror classic state-of-the-art gore will leave a new generation running for the aisles. But odds are nothing beats a prom queen soaked in pig's blood.

movie review

GO (SONY)

A Quentin Tarantino flick for the ecstasy set, *Go* follows familiar young faces Taye Diggs, Katie Holmes, and Scott Wolf as they stumble through a series of bad trips on the edge of L.A.'s rave culture. Go starts with an ill-advised foray into amateur drug dealing and ends with lovers who can't decide whether they're police informants or hit-and-run drivers. Swingers director Doug Liman effectively captures the look and feel of these empty-headed hipsters, but the film could have been easily titled *Go Figure* for all its random twists and turns. An impulsive car theft leads to a shooting, that leads to a cross-country chase, that leads to a guy volunteering to put a

CRUEL INTENTIONS (COLUMBIA)

Buffy the Vampire Slayer's Sarah Michelle Gellar and Ryan Phillippe of last summer's *54* (Miramax) hope to jazz up their teen-pic résumés with this MTV-age update of the French classic *Dangerous Liaisons*. They play two heartbreakers toying with the impressionable heads of pretty young virgins. Following the lucrative example set by *Clueless* (Paramount, 1995), *Intentions* promises lighthearted adolescent angst and plenty of nubile sexual scheming.

ED TV (UNIVERSAL)

After a few dramatic bombs like 1994's *The Paper* (Universal), director Ron Howard returns to his comedic roots with this tale of a hapless video store clerk (Matthew McConaughey) who becomes the star of his own 24-hour-a-day cable show. With Woody Harrelson, Dennis Hopper, and Ellen DeGeneres, *Ed* is loaded with A-list talent. But after last year's life-imitates-TV trend (*The Truman Show*, *Pleasantville*, and the god-awful *Holy Man*), *Ed* sounds suspiciously like the same old rerun.



bullet in his own arm—all for no good reason except to distract the audience from the lack of a real plot. Despite its holes, *Go* produces a quick buzz: two hours of zooming and you've forgotten it all by morning.

movie review

ANALYZE THIS (WARNER BROS.)

Analyze *This* runs like an old joke—"So a mobster walks into a psychiatrist's office..."—that misfires on the way to the punchline. Robert De Niro stars as a mafioso who, unable to pull the trigger in the sack or on the job, enlists the

help of a therapist (Billy Crystal). This formulaic, odd-couple comedy carves up the same turf as HBO's *The Sopranos*, but instead of offering dark Mafia madness, *Analyze* makes easy one-liners out of De Niro's "boundary issues." Director Harold Ramis keeps things chugging along at a decent clip, but after the umpteenth exchange about da, dis, and dat guy, you start wishing everyone on screen was sleeping with the fishes.

REEL TO REAL

News from the Hollywood

by Stephen Rebello

Ice Cube and Jennifer Aniston



What happens when a sexy rap star and a Long Island schoolteacher fall madly in love while checking out the threads in Versace's Manhattan store? Propaganda Films (*Your Friends & Neighbors*) hopes to find out by picking up a pitch by soon-to-be-produced screenwriter Lisa Schrage. Although no director is attached to the fledgling project, Hollywood's wagging tongues have dubbed the flick *Grating Jappy With It* and named Jennifer Aniston and Mekhi Phifer as "naturals" for the leading couple.

Like to peep half-naked guys? *Gladiator* (Universal/DreamWorks) promises tons of fun. The action epic about Roman warriors fighting to save their embattled empire is set to go into production this spring. Directed by Ridley Scott (*Alien*, *Thelma & Louise*), *Gladiator* has been described as a "*Spartacus* meets *Braveheart* meets a Steve Reeves *Hercules* flick." Joaquin Phoenix (*L.A. Pigeons*) has signed on as the emperor, and *Amistad*'s Djimon Hounsou and *L.A. Confidential*'s Russell Crowe are set to get greased up and show us what they are made of.

Speaking of things gladiatorial, former *ER* hunk George Clooney will be getting heroic this fall with Ice Cube and Mark Wahlberg in Warner Bros.' *Three Kings*, a *Spartacus*-style star-vehicle about post-Gulf War adventurers out to steal back precious relics Saddam Hussein swiped from Kuwait. Rumors from the Arizona and Mexico locations are that the goofy chemistry of the cross-cultural cast and the offbeat direction by David O. Russell (*Flirting With Disaster*) make this action flick really pop.

In the last two years, Master P has pushed a couple of straight-to-VCR releases (*I'm Bout It*, *MP Da Last Don*) and made one big-screen bomb (*I Got the Hook Up*). Now he's 'bout it again. Written by P and directed by music-video man Dave Meyers, *Footish*, which will be distributed by Artisan, tells the story of a rich superplaya (P) and his brother, a would-be stand-up comic (Eddie Griffin). If that ain't 'nough to make 'em say ugh, the flick, which is set to hit screens this April, also features comedy vet and eternal movie-star hopeful Andrew Dice Clay.



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tv

WE WATCH CHANNEL ZERO

Meet MTV's new cartoon critics on the block

Are you tired of Mase's moronic dancing and Will Smith's corny rhymes? So are the teenaged cartoon characters on *Station Zero*, MTV's new video show that's part commentary, part humor, and all hell-raising fun. Led by animated VJs Karaz and Chino (a hip hop Siskel & Ebert), the four-member crew's "Live From the Bronx" pseudo-cable access show alternately disses and praises the hottest urban videos. Zero "mirrors what people truly think and feel about [hip hop and R&B]," says Joe "Tramp" Daly, who created the show with fellow writers/producers Barry Bookhard, Jody Milano, and Carlotto Rodriguez, who also voices Chino. In short: Beavis and Butt-head, these critics are not. The combination of Karaz, a pop-loving "politician" (think: Puffy, Jay-Z, Foxy Brown) and Chino, a hip hop purist (Rakim, KRS-One) sparks debate that goes beyond "that's cool" or "that sucks" into territory that matters. Zero debuts March 8 at 6:30 p.m. *Andrew Gilling*



television • television • television • television • television • television • television

THE BLACKER THE BERRY

Tangi Miller rocks Felicity's spot
by Rochell Thomas

I don't know if the part was created for a "black character," but I'm glad it was written," says Tangi Miller, 25, who plays Elena Tyler, the serious-as-a-heart-attack sister on *Felicity*, the WB's much-talked-about college drama. Fresh from a two-week roll with her beau through the back roads of Greece, Miller is happy (she laughs a lot), mellow, and not at all bothered by this 9 a.m. interview call.

"It's nice to go on vacation, come back, and have a job," says the Miami native. It's even nicer when that job, her first full-time TV gig since graduating from the University of California at Irvine's grad drama program, is on a prime-time show praised by both critics and her "serious Christian" mom. (As kids, Miller and her sister couldn't wear pants or watch "saucy" TV shows such as *The Love Boat*.)

Until the post-pilot arrival of Miller's take-no-bull Elena, the freshman series was headed down the same white-paved road traveled by the WB's other hits *Buffy: The Vampire Slayer*, *Dawson's Creek*, and *Charmed*. "We had a lot of white faces around," says *Felicity*'s executive producer, Ed Redlich. "And we realized early on that we needed to make it more, well, real." So in comes Elena, a tough New Yorker fleshed out by what Redlich calls Miller's "physically and character-wise very imposing presence." Translation: Miller is both opinionated and beautiful. And as if they needed something else to draw attention to *Felicity*'s multifaceted friend and foil, the music often shifts from wait-girl angst-pop to R&B or jazz during Elena's scenes. For a January episode (in which Elena's best friend visits), writers asked Miller what music she thought should be playing during a scene. Her suggestions? A little Coltrane, some TLC, and of course Lauryn Hill. "I like Lauryn," she says. We're not surprised.



Tangi Miller

TOKENS OF APPRECIATION

Representin' a race ain't easy.
Here are our Token Awards for the crème de la crème of TV's lone minorities

FUNNIEST "FOREIGN" GUY

Wilmer Valderrama as Fez on *'Tis Show* (FOX)

All together now: We love Fez! And the way a Venezuelan-born Valderrama, 19, works his Wisconsin-bound foreign-exchange student into a mysteriously accented frenzy is the highlight of our Sunday nights. No one knows where Fez was "exchanged" from, but with lines like, "Don't resist me, mama. It's boogie time," who cares? **RUNNER-UP:** Brazilian Bruno Campos as Diego on *Jesse* (NBC)

COOLEST COLORED CARETAKER

Shaun Baker as Quick Williams on *V.I.P.* (Columbia TriStar)

If you ask us, we'll deny ever watching Baker's current cheesy gig. But secretly, we dig Quick, *V.I.P.*'s ex-boxer turned weapons expert. The only brother in Pamela Anderson Lee's bodyguard crew, Quick hustles, shoots, but rarely scores—sort of a black Bosley for this crowded *Charlie's Angels*-esque set. **RUNNERS-UP:** Jeffrey Sams as Champ on *Caprid* (ABC) and Simbi Khali as Nina on NBC's 3rd *Rock From the Sun*



AMAZING SENS-ASIANS

The Souphanousiphone family from *King of the Hill* (FOX)
When the "just call me Kahn" family moved next door to the Hills, these Laotian-Americans rocked their "crazy redneck" world. Now we can't imagine Arlen, Texas without them. Who else could give Peggy a complex about her big feet, help Bobby bust pro-wrestling moves, or snatch Hank over the Mexican border? *Tellynwhat*—it ain't Dale. **RUNNER-UP:** Sandra Oh as Rita Woo on *Arrested* (HBO)



Valderrama

CHANNEL SURFER Bask in the blue glow

Here's a sweet find: MTV will kick off its first-ever Hip Hop Week on March 8. First up in this MC bonanza: the March 8 premiere of *Station Zero* (see article this page). Other Hip Hop Week highlights include the Top 50 Hip Hop Videos of All Time, a countdown starting at noon on March 13 (Think Run-D.M.C.'s "Walk This Way" will make the cut!) and *Ultra Sound: The Rise and Fall of Death Row*, which follows at 8 p.m. the same day. • If that doesn't satisfy your hip hop jones, log on to 88 *HIP-HOP* (www.88hiphop.com) live each Wednesday from 10 p.m. to midnight. Previous performers on this hot Net TV show include Method Man, Wyclef, and Big Pun. Lastly, we have to big-up our brother publication *BLAZE*. Its two-month-old video show, *BLAZE Music Arsenal*, has joined *SPIN Television* in spicing up the label-driven channel Access Entertainment Network (check local listings). Apparently, hip hop really won't stop. *R.T.*

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HARD ROCK

Don't hate wrestler star **The Rock** just because he makes his living smacking down his rivals—or he might throw on some Luther and show your girl what he's got in those little trunks of his. *By Gabrielle L. Gabrielle*

Pro-wrestler Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson has the skills to pay the bills. His signature "Rock Bottom" takedown has helped him conquer even the most savage of gladiators. But the youngest-ever, two-time Intercontinental and World Wrestling Federation heavyweight champ wasn't always top dog. "I never thought he'd get this far," says *Pro Wrestling Illustrated* editor Bill Apter, who's known The Rock since he was just a pebble. "When wrestling changed to have a more hardcore edge, I wasn't sure Rocky could change with it. But now he's one of the top guys leading the way." For The Rock, 26, there was never any question he'd make it big. As the 270-pound bruiser puts it, "If God made anything better than The Rock, then he damned sure kept it for himself!" This month the Rock will be putting his money where his mouth is in front of millions of viewers when he goes to battle in *WrestleMania XV*, one of the biggest pay-per-view events of the year. If all goes according to his plan, The Rock will be defending his WWF title against arch nemesis Stone Cold Steve Austin, whom The Rock calls "the biggest piece of trailer trash walking God's green earth!" Whether it's

against redneck rivals or masked maniacs, the champ loves a good fight. But that ain't all that gets a rise out of The Rock.

Pro-wrestlers seem so macho, yet you're always putting your crotches in each other's faces and grabbing each other between the legs. What's the deal?

The Rock has never grabbed any balls. He punches and kicks in balls. But only when the ref's not looking.

Are you ever worried that when you have your crotch in another wrestler's face, he may be enjoying it just a little too much?

Hell, you can't blame him. It's The Rock. *The Rock seems like a very virile guy. Which leading lady would you most like to lay across the mat?*

I've always had a thing for Angela Bassett. She's just very sexy. In *Waiting to Exhale* she played a very powerful woman. I like that.

Does that mean The Rock knows his role in a relationship is to let the woman take control? No. The Rock wears the pants in the family. She just tells him what color.

You're such a big guy. Are you ever afraid of crushing a woman when you're in bed with her?

Are you kidding me? I'm always smooth and very controlled. And I distribute my weight evenly.

Speaking of weight distribution, those wrestling shorts of yours are very small. Big things come in small packages.

Yum! And speaking of yum, if a woman asked you to put one of these three things in your trunks while you were wrestling, which one would it be: hot fudge, peanut butter, or vanilla pudding?

I would have to say the fudge. The fudge seems more appealing than the peanut butter, because I've got a peanut butter complexion as it is.

You are very creamy. How'd you get to be so honey-roasted?

I'm half-Black and half-Samoan. *Sounds like a weakling identity crisis. What else makes you complex?*

That I'm The Rock inside the ring, but outside the ring I'm strictly Dwayne Johnson. The Rock couldn't give two pieces of monkey crap about anybody but himself. He's the guy everyone loves to hate. Dwayne Johnson's a good guy. Likes to hang out at home and play video games and listen to music with his wife.

Though you're usually solo when you wrestle, if you had to choose, which rapper would you have as your tag-team partner: Ol' Dirty Bastard, ruff ryder DMX, or pretty boy Mac?

Those three guys are cool and all, but I would pick Westside Connection's WC. He can kick ass. And I dig his style. But my all-time favorite musician is Sam Cooke. I've got three books about Sam Cooke. And I swear I sound just like him when I sing.

You sing? Are you kidding me? The Rock does it all. *I bet you do. Speaking of doing it, what's the hardest part on The Rock's body?*

That all depends. On what?

Timing. Right now, The Rock is relaxing, so it's probably his head. During a match, it's his attitude. And later, after he puts on Luther and gets in the mood, it's something else.

We know that your favorite place to be is in the ring. Where is your favorite place to be on a woman? Without a shadow of a doubt, the booty. I've always been a booty man.

Who's got the best booty? Jennifer Lopez. She's the booty I'd call for a booty call. Hell, I'd even use my cell phone. ☐

tech SUPERSONIC

Sega sets off the new millennium with stellar video-game technology

SEGA DREAMCAST GAME CONSOLE

In the gaming world's ongoing battle between Sony, Sega, and Nintendo, the championship belt has switched hands over and over again. But with unheard-of 128-bit ballistics that are twice as powerful as Nintendo 64's and four times Sony PlayStation's bit muscle, Sega's much-anticipated Dreamcast console aims to take the title in a PlayStation-infested nation.

Remember Sega's last "next-generation" home console, the Saturn, which debuted in 1995? Well, after a short-lived orbit thrown off course by a lack of quality games, Saturn now lies dusty and neglected under my dresser. Even with classic titles like "Sonic the Hedgehog," Sega couldn't match the growing number of Nintendo 64 users who were experiencing age-defying fun with platform superstars like "The Legend of Zelda." And what could challenge the ubiquitous PlayStation (one in four American homes has one)?

But sleeping giant Sega is betting the farm on its Dreamcast. Boasting a Hitachi SH-4 processor, Dreamcast flips 3-D calculations four times as fast as the Godzilla-like Pentium II that the new PCs are laced with. And with its outstanding graphics (see inset), Dreamcast has the potential to bring the arcade experience to your living room. Dreamcast also comes with a modem and access to a special online server that enables real-time play against other Dreamcast users anywhere in the world.

It's easy to see why rival Sony is now scrambling to develop its own PlayStation 2. But Sega still has to come with blazing titles if it expects to lure loyal PlayStation and Nintendo 64 fans. Currently, Dreamcast is available only in Japan. I hope the fall 1999 U.S. launch blows our minds 'cause I'm running out of room under my dresser.

Chaka Malik



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FOR THE PASTOR

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Has your mate been known to list his (or her) occupation as "international playboy" (or playgirl)? If so, then maybe you need the Truth.QUEST Phone from The Sharper Image. Truth.QUEST has a built-in feature that alerts you to inaudible changes in voice quality—associated with nervousness and possibly lying. Ask your sweetie, "Where were you last night?" If the light flashes red, then, according to the "truth phone," "skepticism may be in order." And a six-pack of whup-ass too.

Mark Brooks



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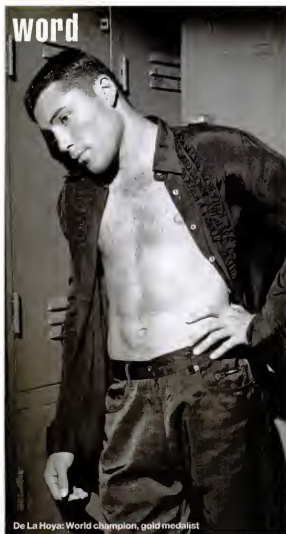


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De La Hoya: World champion, gold medalist

ALL THAT GLITTERS AIN'T GOLD

Bio finds tarnish on boxing's golden boy

When a young Oscar De La Hoya turned to his father for support, he found a determined man willing to dismiss agents, trainers, or girlfriends—anybody who got in his way—in the quest to make his son a prize-winning superstar. So reveals writer Tim Kawakami in his damning biography, *Golden Boy: The Fame, Money and Mystery of Oscar De La Hoya* (Andrew McMeel Publishing). Detailing a body count as high as any Shakespearean tragedy, *Golden Boy* reveals just how a talented East L.A. teen became a highly marketable Olympian—by sacrificing things (and sometimes a few friendships that mattered to him).

Only Kawakami, who covered boxing for *The Los Angeles Times* during De La Hoya's ascent to center ring, could have written this book. His access to De La Hoya as well as key figures in the young boxer's life allowed him to document his world with painstaking accuracy. *Golden Boy* is scandalous without punching below the belt. It tells both the sides of every story and still draws the same conclusion: The son becomes the mirror image of his father. The picture isn't pretty, but De La Hoya, now 26, would be wise to take a long, hard look at it.

Heidi Siegmund Cuda

THE GIRLIE SHOW

A guide to three female-friendly music books that hit—and miss
by Kristal Brent Zook



TITLE	CRITICAL EYE	BUY OR BORROW
When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost: My Life as a Hip-Hop Feminist by Joan Morgan (Simon & Schuster)	In these often poetic musings, Morgan takes on sexist men, women, and chickenheads (women who "sit up in the house, make babies, and go shopping"). Definitely not your mother's guide to the Equal Rights Amendment, Hip-Hop Feminist encourages slates to stop trying to be "Strongblackwomen" and makes other bravely unpopular suggestions. One example: that "babymothers" who choose to bear children their boyfriends want to abort should respect their partners' "choice" and not ask for child support.	Buy. With so few next-generation books on black feminism, and close to none by hip-hop enthusiasts, Morgan's reflections are as timely as they are cogent.
The Soulful Divas by David Nathan (Billboard)	Nathan's admiration for "soulful divas" such as Dionne Warwick, Diana Ross, and Roberta Flack is clear. Writing with unabashed adoration for the occasionally difficult songbirds, he recalls their early LPs, his personal experiences during their live shows, and anecdotes procured during dozens of interviews. Unfortunately, Nathan often blurs the line between journalism, fandom, and friendship. This is especially true of his inclusion of Doris Troy ("Just One Look," Atlantic, 1963), a "lifelong friend" who recorded one of his songs.	Buy. Blurred lines aside, there's no doubt that <i>Divas</i> is a valuable history for soul aficionados. Plus: great photos.
The Madonna Companion: Two Decades of Commentary edited by Carol Benson and Allen Metz (Schirmer)	With some 42 essays and articles on the Material Girl, as well as a discography, filmography, and chronology, this is certainly a comprehensive compilation. While it's true that the newly spiritual Madonna (characterized as a "publicity slut" by one critic) has become an icon around which fascinating discussions have taken place, the best of those talks—including many in this book—were hashed ad nauseam throughout the '80s and early '90s.	Borrow. The last thing this world needs is more Madonna.

Genius + Soul = Ray Charles

Stunning book captures the essence of the man with Georgia on his mind



Ray Charles is the supreme synthesis of the American sonic spectrum—from jazz to country, gospel to pop, and always the blues. Curiously, the world lacked a truly comprehensive biography of this legend—until now. With *Ray Charles: Man and Music* (Riverhead), veteran music journalist Michael Lydon gives Brother Ray his props in a thorough work that examines his music and offers insight into the world that created "the genius."

For Charles, the blues was both a musical foundation and a way of life. At age 5, he watched his brother drown; a year later he went blind. He was orphaned at 15, and by 18 he'd developed a heroin addiction that would

plague him for 17 years. Charles knows the blues intuitively, much in the same way Lydon knows Charles. Like Beatles biographer Philip Norman, Lydon uses a deft touch to illuminate Charles's volatile brilliance while exploring his protean musical intelligence, deep inner strength, driving professionalism, and occasionally ruthless business approach. Right on time, Lydon's epic chronicle lays bare the heart of American soul.

Michael E. Ross



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SOUNDTRACK COMING SPRING 1999

REVOLUTIONS



GINUWINE
'100% GINUWINE'
550 MUSIC/SONY

BY ELYSA GARDNER

Women—can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em. It's a paradox as old as time itself.

(One imagines Adam mulling it over as he is dragged, muttering, from the Garden of Eden.) Still, Lotharios of all stripes and sensibilities continue to find new ways of spinning it. Take Washington, D.C.'s Ginuwine. On his eagerly awaited sophomore album, *100% Ginuwine*, the artist formerly known as Elgin Lumpkin suggests that he's ready to trade the swinging single life—which he depicted with such relish on his platinum-plus 1996 debut, *Ginuwine the Bachelor* (550 Music/Sony)—for a committed, meaningful relationship. "I used to be the main one clubbin'," Ginuwine sings on the breezy "Same Ol' G." "Now I choose to stay at home... / I've been thinkin' 'bout my future lately." Trouble is,

girlfriends talk trash about him, and he's not entirely convinced that she'll be faithful herself, and...well, damn, it's *hard* to remain monogamous when you're one of hip hop soul's most lusted-after young stallions.

Nonetheless, G refuses to indulge in the kind of simplistic, self-serving misogyny that mars the work of some of his peers. To this budding playa, women are neither hoos nor angels. They are thinking, feeling, three-dimensional creatures, capable of the same deceptive and manipulative behavior for which guys more often get fed flak, but they're also quite awe-inspiring in their unique, complicated grace and intelligence. 100% Ginuwine is a decidedly postfeminist album, portraying the sexes as separate but equal as it traces the progress of a stormy, sensuous love affair. Ginuwine may sass his girl, or even dis her on occasion, but he never underestimates her. Whether he's vying for the lady's affection and trust on the sprightly "None of Ur Friends Business" or defending her reputation against the catty accusations of so-called buddies on the gently ardent "Two Sides to a Story," Ginuwine is a bachelor and a gentleman.

The album is also progressive and sophisticated from a musical standpoint. Like those on Ginuwine's first album, most of 100% G's songs were cowritten and produced by the ubiquitous Timbaland, and the chemistry between the two

LIKE THE GREAT SOUL SINGERS OF YORE, GINUWINE UNDERSTANDS AND RESPECTS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SONG AND A VOCAL EXERCISE, AND HE KNOWS HOW TO CARESS A LYRIC WITHOUT SMOTHERING IT.

artists is even more impressive the second time around. As before, Timbaland peppers his state-of-the-art electronic savvy with shimmering acoustic flourishes, fashioning lithe, spacious, deftly syncopated arrangements that ideally suit his colleague's voice (a tangy, sinuous tenor courting comparisons to Terence Trent D'Arby). But the new tracks are also a bit lush and bolder in their exotic elegance, from the silvery, guitar-kissed "So Anxious" to the pulsating trip hop reverie "Two Sides to a Story" to the Latin-flavored bolero "I'm Crying Out," with its sharp, dark bursts of synth and strings.

The most compelling ingredient in all of these arrangements, though, is Ginuwine's own refreshingly, movingly direct delivery. Not for this singer are the overly mannered, riff-crazy vocal gymnastics that have, sadly, become almost de rigueur for artists of his generation. Like the great soul singers of yore, Ginuwine understands and respects the difference between a song and a vocal exercise, and he knows how to caress a lyric without smothering it. On "Wait a Minute," an appeal to an angry lover, his mood builds gradually, realistically, from one of grudging contrition to one of barely restrained desperation. On the more beatific "So Anxious," his performance is at once relaxed and fervid—with a sweet, effortlessly carnal edge. The buoyant "Final Warning" pairs Ginuwine with Aaliyah, whose feathery eroticism further brings out his casual, confident masculinity. "Girl, quit fussin' now," G warns her teasingly, over an arrangement that—like the song's lyrics—nods shrewdly to Aaliyah's Timbaland-produced summer '98 smash "Are You That Somebody?"

But 100% Ginuwine doesn't reach its emotional climax until the singer gets back in touch with his softer, more tender feelings. The album closes with a cover of the heart-wrenching ballad "She's Out of My Life," a hit for Ginuwine's idol, Michael Jackson, two decades ago. While Ginuwine's version of this repentant cad's lament is technically a bit flashier than Jackson's—with its layered vocal harmonies and a sweeping, near-orchestral climax—it's strikingly similar in tone. If anything, Ginuwine's reading is even more unabashedly sentimental; whereas Jackson's quivering vocals didn't collapse into choked sobs until the very end, Ginuwine starts his moaning and sighing before he sings a note. "After all we've done and after all we've been through," he asks, sounding as dejected as an abandoned puppy, "How could you leave me?" Ginuwine's bachelor days may not yet be fully behind him—he admits as much in the last of several playful interludes on the album—but when the right girl finally happens along, this smooth operator isn't going to stand a chance.

OH, WORD?

THE EMILY SIMMS SET THE WIND UP ON GINUWINE RELEASES.
(All information subject to change at the artist's slightest whim.)

BY MINVA OH

As he serves out his three-month "iron vacation" on that island of Rikers (for a 1995 parole violation), Wu-Tang's smoothest operator, Ghostface Killah, can rest assured his fans are also enduring their own sensory deprivation as they await the May releases of both Ghost and his sophomore effort, *Supreme Clientele* (Razor Sharp/Epic). The disc'll

be worth the weight with gems like "Nutmeg" (produced by Ghost's cousin Mo the Barber and featuring RZA), a first single called "Mighty Healthy," and "Wise," a rest-in-peace ode for which producer Stevie J. meticulously re-created the Dramatics's 1971 "In the Rain." On another standout, "One," producer Julfu from the Beatnuts fits Ghost's studied chaos with gospel piano. Despite the array of producers, *Clientele*'s sound consistently fits Ghost's intense lyrical style: On "Cobra Clutch" he screams, "Who's the hysteric in New York City? / Wu-Tang! / Radio-stop shittin' on me!" Clearly a man on a mission.



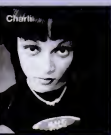
ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY

Philly's Charli Baltimore, once notable only for being the most Notorious mistress, may just get the last laugh. With her spring debut, *Je* (Unintentional/ Sony), CB battles detractors who swear that Ghostface or Cam'ron are penning her rhymes, critics who feel she's riding Biggie's afterlife coattails, and her own image—which seems better suited for Harper's Bazaar than *Rap City*.

Highlights on the album include production from Mobb Deep's Havoc, Teddy Riley, and Suave House kingpin Tony Draper. There's also the grimy love duet, "Stand Up," with Ghostface and "Through Bitches," a thug Lilith Fair featuring Lady of Rage, Da Brat, Scarlett, Queen Pen, and Gangsta Boo. This song puts Foxy Brown's "BWA" collaboration with Mia X and Gangsta Boo to shame. And for player haters who question her penmanship, peep Charli's Primo-

produced "Everybody Wanna Know": "Everybody wanna know if I spit my own hits / Come to any session / Any song in question / Drop 48 new bars on spot... / You want hot shit, pop shit or some toxic underground gossip / Nine-nine I lock shit, what." Get ready to blow your whistles.

Queens' most-loved thug, Noreaga, gives life to his new alter ego on his upcoming spring album, *Melvin Fynt, Da Hustler* (Penalty). Melvin, a combination of Larry Flynt, publisher of *Hustler* magazine, and Jack Nicholson's obsessive-compulsive "Melvin" from the 1997 movie *As Good As It Gets* (TriStar), lends his lunatic flavor to cuts like "Half-Baked." Nore brings his frenetic energy to "Oh No," on which producers the Neptunes bring more of that super-bouncy "Superthug" flavor. And while the scandalous, underground, tragedy-targeted "Halfway Thugs II" isn't included, Nore addresses his former associate elsewhere on the album. After *Melvin*, Nore plans to release his Thugged Out Entertainment compilation album featuring crew members Mouslini, Maze, Final Chapter, and others, as well as a new CNN album with partner Capone all before 1999 is out.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY



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FLY TRACKS OR WACK WAX? ASK OUR RESIDENT CRITICS, A&B.

**"Blood Type," TRAGEDY
KHADAFI, *Against All Odds*
(50 to Life/One Street)**



B: I like how it starts off. **A:** Yeah, I like the track. **B:** It just bugs me out that this is the same cat who was talkin' "bout 'Arrest the President' back when he was Intelligent Hoodlum. **A:** I know. So he's talking about Noreaga here? **B:** Yeah. **A:** Nore got beef already? Two thugs with beef can be dangerous. **B:** See, the whole thing is that Nore says he came up with that offbeat rhyme style, and Tragedy is saying he's the one who taught Nore how to rhyme. **A:** But the question is, what are they really rhyming about? Is it anything we haven't heard before? What, what? **B:** They're trying to perfect thugism. **A:** I'm tired of hearing about thugism! **B:** Nore's a *superbug*, though. **A:** I love thugs, but I get tired of hearing that sometimes. **B:** What we need to do, brothers and sisters, is take the 't' out of 'thug' and give each other a hug. Then there'll be no bustin' slugs. [Laughs]

**"Hollywood Thugs II,"
NOREAGA, *Promo (Personality)*
A: The lyrical battle's on!
B: How you gonna be a half-way thug? It's like, today I feel like wylin', but tomorrow I feel like interior decorating.
A: [Laughs] **B:** The hook is funny.
A & B: [Singing] "He don't wanna be a Muslim no more..." **A:** At least he put some humor into a thuggish rhyme. It's funny, but still negative. **B:** Yeah. **A:** It's a cute little skippety-type beat, a half-way thug beat. Like you could skip to it, but you could be hardcore, 'cuz it's Nore. **B:** Yup. It's like playin' hopscotch with your gun out. **A:** [Laughs] Hell, yeah. **B:** I'm gonna have to give this one to Noreaga! Because it's so raw. He came out like, *What!* **A:** I'll go with Nore too, only cuz he wasn't as gloomy. He's smilin' while he's buckin'.**

Noreaga



**"My Love Is Your Love,"
WHITNEY HOUSTON, *My Love Is Your Love* (Arista)
A: I heard this song is dope.**



B: Yo, it's hot. The beat makes me think about the "Come back to Jamaica" commercial. **A:** I like this track. **B:** The thing I like about this song is that she could be talking about herself, her maid, or she could be talking about God. **A:** Yep, or her child. **B:** Yeah. That's some strong love to be like, Yo, I'm livin' homeless, but as long as you there, it's all right. **A:** I like it 'cause it's positive. **B:** Yeah, but she *has* to be positive. I doubt you'll ever hear Whitney Houston talkin' about hoers and niggas. **A:** [Laughs] I better not. **B:** She'll be like, Yes, I want to thank my mother, Bobby, and all my niggas from Newark! **A:** Stupid! **B:** Whitney kinda fell off though, a little bit. **A:** She didn't fall off? She still went platinum, right? **B:** She's platinum, but... **A:** So, she didn't fall off then. **B:** Platinum ain't nothin'. **A:** Whatever, yo! Whitney is still hot.

**"Safe Sex (Billie Jean),"
JERU THE DAMAJA, *Dirtier Dan Ever (Armor of Gold)* (Knowsave)**

A: Jeru, where you been? **B:** This is the ill story. **A:** You know Jeru still got the dope flow. **B:** This track sounds like it's Premier. I wonder if Premier did it. **A:** Nah. Jeru did it himself. Who knew! **B:** For real? **A:** He's gettin' kinda freaky there. Sexual favors for her, *really*? This is for the ladies. Actually, it's for the freaks. **B:** But 'yo, he's talking about karate chopping Michael Jackson. That's *funny*. Jeru always rhymes about some girl who did him wrong at the end. **A:** So, is he saying that Billie Jean was messin' around with him while she was messin' around with Michael Jackson? And neither of them wants to be the father. **B:** [Laughs] Yup. Who do you think would win in a fight between Billie Jean and Jane from the EPMD albums? **A:** Billie Jean 'cuz she played



Michael Jackson and Jeru. She's playin' an MC and an I-don't-know-what-you-are.

**"True Love,"
CALVIN RICHARDSON,
Country Boy (Universal)**

B: We went from blood type to true love. **A:** I'm sayin'!



B: What's up with these drums, man? I understand Puffy Combs is a fan of this song. **A:** I'm not mad so far. **B:** I'm *in*! **A:** True love. Awwwwww, that's cute. **B:** What'd he say? **A:** "I'm tellin' the world I love you so." That's right! We need more songs by men who are not afraid to profess their love for a woman. It makes things so much easier. **B:** But you know what, though, I think there are more people in the world who are *not* in love than *are* in love. That's why the world is so sad now. **A:** I believe that. **B:** And the music is just reflecting the times. **A:** I don't think it's about being in love, it's just about not knowing love and not knowing how to show love and how to feel it. **B:** Now, see, you sound too sappy with that line. **A:** Whatever. Did Puffy produce this? **B:** Nah, but he *likes* it. **A:** Why does Puffy like this? **B:** Because it says so on the back of the promo CD. **A:** So I guess that makes it an official hit!

BOYZ II MEN
BRIAN McKNIGHT
CHICO FEATURING JOE
ERYKAH BADU

JANET
JON B.

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TOO SHORT 'CAN'T STAY AWAY' SHORT/JIVE

Too Short is like the AC/DC of rap. For 16 years, through 10 albums, Oaktown's finest—now living in Atlanta—has delivered a musical aesthetic that's pure genius in its simplicity. Todd "Too Short" Shaw will be here forever, because he has a formula. He doesn't write rhymes, he writes *raps*. Dirty ones. Extended mantras of the pussy-down, pimp-ass lifestyle over soothing, understated funk tracks. Thankfully, Short's talk of retirement three years ago was just a renegotiation tactic to keep his label in check. Now satisfied—and in control of his own imprint, Short Records—Jive's platinum goose has just hatched his 11th release, aptly titled *Can't Stay Away*.

And who'd want him to? He sounds as good as ever. Conscious of the expectations of longtime fans, Sir Too Short gives the people what they want. Formula One player shit—lots of it coming straight from his own catalog. "Don't Stop Rappin'" (featuring Eightball & M.J.G.), "More Freaky Tales," and "The Invasion of the Flat Booty Bitches" are all delicious updates of his classic beeyotch-better-have-my-money material.

And when he's not working the "hoes," Short takes the time to bask in the glow of his made-man status. Employing glass-shattering R&B hooks and irresistible melodies, tunes like "Still Strugglin'" and the tantalizing title track school the young bucks on the secrets of rap success. "Break out the instruments," says the old dog on "Can't Stay Away," "and stay away from the samples."

Throughout the 71-minute welcome-back party, several special guests drop by and pay homage to hip hop's undisputed Most Valuable Player of All-Time. Constant collaborator Jay-Z stands on the corner and pops some bubbly on the bubblin' "Here We Go." Cali crunksters Daz Dillinger, E-40, and Soopafly unite on the lyrical gangbang, "You Might Get G'eed," and fellow rap veteran Scarface appears on the card-pulling "Longevity." On the latter joint, peep Shorty the Pimp's time-wisened game: "I ain't backstage chasin' young girls / I'm chasin' money, I'm in my early thirties / Still sellin' records and I'm still a real player / Can't understand how you still could be a hater."

Granted, Too Short hits a few potholes—the hokey "Be My Dirty Love," the lethargic lost-in-the-system story, "Divide & Conquer"—but when all is said and done, it's clear that our man has overcome his midlife career crisis and returned to the top of his profession. For Short, and the rest of those who are *always* about to rock, we salute you.

Elliott Wilson

REVOLUTIONS
NEOTIONS

HARLEM WORLD 'THE MOVEMENT'

ALL OUT/3SO SO DEF/COLUMBIA

Ready to strut his Puff stuff, Mase has formed a label, All Out Records, as a co-venture with Jermaine Dupri's slamming So So Def imprint. For his first release, *The Movement*, Mase has assembled a clique of rappers, Harlem World, and surrounded them with the best talent money can buy.

The high-priced production, however, proves to be a mixed blessing. The Harlem World crew (MCs Baby Stase, Blinky Blink, Huddy Combs, Loon, Meno and Suga J) prove to be more than able rhyimers. However, they're hard-pressed to stand out from the guest stars behind the boards (Trackmasters, Deric "D-Dot" Angeletti, Neptunes, and Dupri, among others) and on the mike (Nas, Dupri, and songstress Kelly Price).

Mase follows mentor Puff Daddy's chart-topping formula to a tee.

"I Really Like It" (Mase's production debut), for example, builds on the effervescent soul foundation that turned Mase's "Feel So Good" into a smash. Other tracks fail to win points for originality as well. "Cali Chronic" borrows Dre's squealing synths (big surprise). All this isn't necessarily a bad thing, though. *The Movement* has an undeniable party propulsion. While the album may not be deep, in the right environment, that doesn't matter. When the Cristal is flowing and the beats are bumping, *The Movement* just feels so good.

Matt Diehl



Mase

REVOLUTION
2010 JUNE

REEL TIGHT 'BACK TO THE REAL' G-FUNK/RESTLESS

Reel Tight? Well, no one's gonna take issue with the name. Years of cut-throat talent contests have honed this twentysomething R&B quartet's vocal chops to a cutlass-blade sharpness, and they negotiate tricky two-and four-part harmonies with seasoned suaveness. Thing is, Reel Tight are like that Armani-clad club crawler who's got all the moves but can't quite close the deal. Protégés of budding label mogul Warren G, Reel Tight have copied the tender-yet-tough 'tude that made lady-killers out of Jodeci, but on their debut, *Back to the Real*, it comes off a little too safe to satisfy.

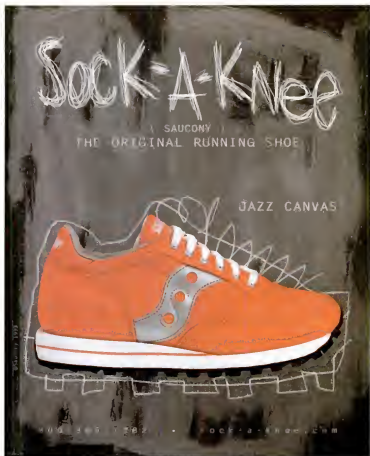
The album goes a bit heavy on bended-knee balladry when it's clear from the album's first few tracks that the fellas know how to ride a decent

groove when given the opportunity. "I Want You" is the band's boldest dance-floor move, with a pungent bass line and double-jointed drum pattern that sounds like a summit meeting between Larry Graham and Timaland. "I Lied" is funk served sunny-side up, like Boyz II Men with their collars loosened. From there, however, it's one long act of contrition, as Reel Tight lay on the heartache thick and heavy. Marc Weingarten

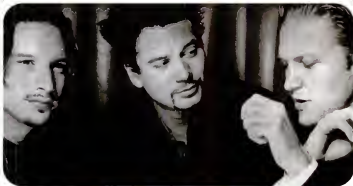
Reel Tight



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VARIOUS ARTISTS 'WU-CHRONICLES' PRIORITY

No group in hip hop history has spun off more side projects than the Wu-Tang Clan. Every member has either made an album or has appeared on someone else's. *Wu-Chronicles*, a somewhat haphazard compilation, gathers up some of the more notable tracks to emerge from the Wu-Tang diaspora.

If anything, *Chronicles* ratifies the seismic impact the Clan have had on '90s hip hop. RZA's chamber-of-horror production and avant-weird arrangements are to underground hip hop what Phil Spector's Wall of Sound was to '60s pop. Just check out the way Mobb Deep (with cameos from Ghostface, Rakwon, and Big Noyd) use RZA-esque drum sounds on "Right Back at You." Other rappers, however, are less successful: Even with RZA's assistance, AZ comes off like Wu-Lite on "Whatever Happened (The Birth)."

Chronicles also leaves plenty of room for the Wu to represent. On the classic "4th Chamber," Genius, G. Killah, RZA, and Killah Priest spin a dense, mesmerizing doomsday scenario over a wobbly synth beat; "The What" finds Notorious B.I.G. and Method Man trading gruff boasts like Old West gunslingers. It's not all there, but *Wu-Chronicles* at least saves you time and money when you're ready to make that dream Wu-Tang mix tape.

A.M.W.

SUZANNE PALMER 'SUZANNE PALMER' TWISTED AMERICA



From the initial silky-soft strains of "One 4 Me," the funk-laden, hit-bound shuffler that opens *Suzanne Palmer*, the artist's mission is crystal clear: to establish herself as more than the bombastic voice of the recent *Club 69* dance anthems "Much Better" and "Alright." Actually, Palmer does more than merely prove that she's technically capable of holding her own in an R&B or pop environment. She reveals that rare, intangible X-factor that separates the stars from the mere singers.

As one of club-land's beloved bellers during the past five years, Palmer has consistently struck an impressive pose. In the more stylistically varied context of this set—for which she cowrote much of the material—it's apparent that she's been in peril of languishing at the controlling hands of limited, Svengali-like producers. Liberated from the tight restrictions of a 4/4 house beat, Palmer is a revelatory delight—particularly on the churchy ballad "If I Had to Do It All Again," as well as on the saucy, hip-hop-inflected "Good, Good Loving." In short, this girl can throw down like few others. While some will trip over fond, and completely fair, comparisons to Chaka Khan and Teena Marie, others will be stunned to see that such gigantic, intensely soulful performances come from such a lit' blonde.

Larry Flick

BOOM SHOTS

BY ROB KENNER

In the beginning was the word, and the word was good. In the parish of Clarendon, Jamaica, Linton Johnson, born in 1952, spent long hours reading his Bible. A few miles away in Kingston, Allan Hope, born in 1952, was likewise drawn to reading and communing with the word. Johnson eventually moved to Brixton, U.K., and became LKJ. Soon LKJ, after linking up with bass explorer Dennis Bovell, gave birth to 1978's *Drad Beat and Blood*, the definitive dub poetry album.

Meanwhile, back in Jamaica, Allan had abandoned Hope and

became Mutabaruka. Hereid and he wrote and he read some more. He published volumes of poetry like 1973's *Outcry*, opened an Afrocentric bookstore, and eventually linked up with roots guitar master Earl "Chinna" Smith to produce 1983's *Check It*, a searing blast of word, sound, and power.

In honor of the millennium, an upcoming world tour featuring these and other world masters, and the release of Mutabaruka's *Muta in Dub* (Lethal) and LKJ's two-disc *Independent Intavachun: The Island Anthology* (Island), we linked these dub poets live via telecom satellite. Here's a small sample of the words they had for each other.

LKJ: Muta, wh'ppen?

Muta: Yes sah. Wha' gwan?

RK: What do you think is the responsibility of a poet?

Muta: The poet supposed to use him art form to motivate people. I don't think that the poet is supposed to be seen as a person who can change history. But he must be able to use his art form to motivate change.

LKJ: I would only qualify that by saying that if a poet is writing poetry not dealing with political subjects, I wouldn't put it down. The first responsibility of the poet is to be committed to the truth and to his art. Poetry is like a jealous lover that requires a lot of time and attention.

RK: What sort of courage does it take to sign your name to a poem?

LKJ: In some societies people are murdered for writing verse. I wouldn't like to be a poet living in Algeria right now, or even a singer of songs. So many of them have been murdered over there. Sometimes you have to pay a heavy price for your art.

Muta: The irony is that when you're writing the poem, you are not looking into that. I don't think a poet sit down and write a poem and then say, I wonder if them going to kill me for this? You just write the poem to express your feelings. But when the sentence is read, and it take life, it become dangerous to people who feel it is obstructing their power. A lot of my poems, I just write them, and then we hear that it is doing this, and people say I am that, without even looking into the poem.

FIVE PICKS MORE REGGAE FLAVOR TO CHECK FOR

- Seemee Man — *The Doctor* (VP)
- Bunny Wailer — *Dub D'sco Vols. 1 & 2* (Ras)
- Sanchez — *Perilous Time* (Artists Only)
- Marcela Cruttsch — *Truly* (Heartbeat)
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VARIOUS ARTISTS 'THE LAST SOUL COMPANY: THE MALACO RECORDS STORY'

If you've never soul-jammed to "Misty Blue" at a wedding or checked out a Z.Z. Hill cover band at the V.F.W. hall or giggled at the Latimore-imitating uncle on your mama's side, then you probably don't see the reason for a six-CD box set on a Jackson, Mississippi-based label that has produced just three top 10 pop singles in its 30-year history. Which is okay, really. Malaco Records—the last real source for home-style blues and soul—is not just a *black* thing, but a *black southern* thing. 'Course, that's pretty obvious once you do hear the polished, Dixie Peach sheen of Malaco classics like King Floyd's 1970 "Groove Me" or Jean Knight's 1971 "Mr. Big Stuff." So, if you were wondering what all the fuss was about at your last family reunion, this collection—more than seven hours of music, with exhaustive liner notes provided by Grammy-winning author Rob Bowman, and hundreds of photos—is all you'll ever need: a document of one of the most crucial, though often overlooked, labels in post-1960s music.

See, guitar-centric blues-rock (exemplified by the endless procession of Stevie Ray Vaughanabees) has been just one offshoot of the blues. The other—and many believe it to be more significant—was the "soul blues" amalgam practiced by Malaco-associated artists like Little Milton, Bobby Blue Bland, Denise LaSalle, Bobby Rush, and Johnnie Taylor. Today, Malaco's influence echoes through the gold-and-platinum-gilded hallways of southern hip hop, which, in a way, makes Goodie Mob, OutKast, and Ghetto Mafia the true caretakers of the modern blues aesthetic.

As was most often the case in the '60s, the Malaco magic sprang from miscegenational roots. Founded by white Ole Miss-alum Tommy Couch Sr., the label was marked by a dedication to the blackest southern music, and powered by some of the hottest talent on the southern circuit. And though Malaco's chart profile was always lower than that of similar labels like Stax and Atlantic, they possessed a nearly unmatched feel for the southern sound—whether it turned up in the ribald funk of Poonanny (check his hilarious "Poonanny Be Still," 1993) or the stately soul of Latimore and Dorothy Moore. Couch's own words sum it up the best: "black music for black people." To this day, few have done it as long and as well as Malaco has.

Tony Green



VARIOUS ARTISTS 'OLD SCHOOL VS. NEW SCHOOL' JIVE ELECTRO

Anyone who has heard classic rap tracks turned into cheesy club remixes by money-greedy record companies would agree with Marvin Gaye's words: Ain't nothing like the real thing. With a handful of dance music's elite producers on board, however, Jive has sidestepped the usual trappings of such a precarious project with the funky fresh *Old School Vs. New School*.

Fourteen tracks from the influential New York label's back catalog are placed into the time machine, as young drum 'n' bass heads give them a millennial makeover. Some are merely respectful revisions, but the best completely transform the original song. Aphrodite makes A Tribe Called Quest's previously smooth "Ice Again" sound like a Space Invaders game gone haywire, complete with programmed beats and arcade sound effects. Meanwhile, Norman Cook (a.k.a. Fatboy Slim) reshapes Tribe's "I Left My Wallet in El Segundo" into a wicked dancehall cut.

Kool Moe Dee's "I Go to Work" and Whodini's "Haunted House of Rock" both get touched up, respectively, by Bad Boy Bill and Westbam, while Grooverider completely revitalizes the Stone Roses' wa-wa drenched "Fools Gold." But more conventional selections from R. Kelly ("Sex Me") and Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince ("Summertime") somehow seem out of place on an otherwise electrifying sound clash.

Aidin Vaziri

NONA HENDRYX 'TRANSFORMATION: THE BEST OF NONA HENDRYX' RAZOR & TIE

Nona Hendryx has never received the mainstream props she deserves. She's come close several times, but has never risen above her perennial status as the smart listener's alternative to Tina Turner and former cohort Patti LaBelle. *Transformation: The Best of Nona Hendryx* captures the highlights of her brilliant, if sadly underrated, career.

As the set unfolds, it's easy to trace Hendryx's struggle to hit a commercial chord, while simultaneously breaking creative ground that many in her wake still haven't fully cultivated. Gems like 1977's



"Everybody Wants to Be Somebody" (Epic) and 1985's "Rock This House" (RCA) masterfully cross-pollinated rough-hewn funk rhythms with free-wheeling, Rolling Stones-flavored rock melodies, allowing Hendryx plenty of room to flex a voice that could shift from a honey-soaked whisper to a wall-shaking caterwaul in seconds.

Rounding out *Transformation* are inspired collaborations, especially 1983's futuristic "Design for Living" (RCA), on which she playfully vamps alongside Tina Weymouth of Talking Heads and Laurie Anderson. Like most of Hendryx's recordings, these songs remain as fresh and innovative as ever. Perhaps this isn't the coda to Hendryx's career, but her chance to finally stand under the center-stage spotlight and take a bow. L.F.

ROCKS. TONIC. JUICE. MAGIC.



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CHAIRMAN'S CHOICE

In an independent field that's grown increasingly uninspired, Oakland's ABB Records (\$10-419-9396) continues to feed famished hip hop consumers only the most delectable of morsels. Last spring the label delivered one of the year's finest singles—L.A.-based trio Dilated Peoples' furious sophomore effort, "Work the Angles." Not content to rest on past laurels, the ABB-DP combo returns with a tight, horn-driven track, "Guaranteed," and gives their watershed single two potent face-lifts: Producer/MC Evidence's brooding "Work the Angles (Remix)" and the extremely special "Rework the Angles." Utilizing the same clipped, Kutmasta Kurt-produced guitar-and-piano track of the original, "Rework" finds rhyme luminaries AG, Defari, and Xzibit along for the rhyme reconfiguration. But despite such celebrity flow in tow, the best line still goes to Ev: "To all my DJs with skills who got a lotta / If this ain't on your mix tape / Yo, to damn be hotter."

A few years back, Toronto's Da Grassroots emerged from the north-of-the-border rap scene with a single, "Drama" (Black Employed, 1995), whose laid-back vocals and soothing keyboard textures played its part decidedly cool. Da Grassroots' newest offering, "Price of Livin'" (Conception, 206-324-7121), resumes the group's smooth audio adventures as guest rhymers Mr. Roam discusses paying the cost to be the boss—of one's own domain: "Cuz I don't like to dream about gettin' when there's money involved / Cash and checks is like Guinness and rough sex / See, it feels too good to let go." *Withartichoke*. The flip side, "The-matics," features label mate Arcee on vocals, and it's pure old-school buoyancy, anchored by intriguing bossa nova-like guitar strums and shakers.

Jamaica, Queens king of all cadences. Mr. Complex, has been shaking up the underground hip hop verbal terrain



Very Complex

Wrong Yarn (Core, 1995), and its outstanding follow-up, the girl-chase-gone-wrong yarn "Visualize" (Rawshack, 1997). This past year the anti-plempton put in extraordinary work on the Polyrhythm-Addicts' addictive "Not Your Ordinary" (Nervous, 1998). Wordmaster Plex's latest solo endeavor, "I'ma Killin'" (Core / Big Daddy, 973-761-7000), expertly meshes piano pangs, crowd noise, and snippets of bawdy Richard Pryor dialogue with amusingly off-beat observations like, "When I sprinkle people get pissed off / My golden flow is like urine / Hey, fellas! / Look at the yellow puddle you're in." Jamaica funk never sounded like this before.

FIVE PICKS MORE FLAVOR TO CHECK FOR

—"Dope Transmission" (Quartermote, 619-470-3042)
—"Unusual Styles" (Readyrock, 215-492-4257)

—"Nuttin' To Do" b/w "Scary Movies" (Game/Landspeed, 617-338-8646)
—"Space Cadillac (Remix)" b/w "Game Time" & "Terror Works" (Rawkus, 212-358-7890)
—"Voices" (Hydra, 718-784-2003)

NAUGHTY BY NATURE 'NATURE'S FINEST: NAUGHTY BY NATURE'S GREATEST HITS'

TRAMMY BOY



"Save that piece for a jigsaw / And watcha real MC get raw," Naughty by Nature's dope MC Treach threatens on their banging 1991 jam "Guard Your Grill," and *Nature's Finest*, the extensive collection of Naughty's golden years, lives up to the challenge. There's no questioning the skills of this crew. It's Naughty's marriage of hip hop and pop that proved prophetic way back in '91. When creating his world-dominating, sample-friendly sound, you know Puffy took note of

"O.P.P."s chunky lift from the Jackson 5's "ABC" (Motown, 1970).

The greatest thing about Naughty is the sheer *fun* of their grooves (at their best with 1993's "Hip Hop Hooray," 1995's "Feel Me Flow," and the aforementioned "O.P.P."). They radiate an exuberance unmatched in hip hop. And while they're no gangstas, when Naughty played the hard card on 1992's "Uptown Anthem," no one else made menace seem as seductively catchy. The one new track, "Penetration" (featuring the smooth soul sounds of Next), should make new jacks pause—it finds Treach, Vinnie, and Kay Gee getting as salaciously lyrical and funky as ever. "Penetration" gives hope that there's another volume of greatest hits in Naughty's future. If so, just don't call it a comeback. *M. D.*

CASSANDRA WILSON 'TRAVELING MILES'

BLUE NOTE

Singer/lyricist/composer Cassandra Wilson stands as one of our lasting musical innovators. Her voice comes from a place dark, sexual, and whole. Her compositions are tapestries of influences and sounds, connected by the threads of this deep-throated, mahogany contralto. And while each Wilson release is met with a sense of heady excitement, *Traveling Miles*, her 12th album and third Blue Note release, has been anxiously anticipated, as it is her most ambitious project to date.

An outgrowth of a six-part Jazz at Lincoln Center performance of the same name, *Traveling* is inspired by, and in homage to, the work of Miles Davis. It is composed of new songs with music and lyrics by Wilson (the folksy "Right Here, Right Now"), songs made famous by Miles but written by other composers ("Never Broken (ESP)"), and music written by Davis with lyrics added by Wilson ("Voodoo Reprise" featuring Angelique Kidjo). The result is standard Wilson fare in its multi-textured eclecticism. She is as bluesy as she is folk and jazz. Never content to simply cover a classic, she infuses each work with new life. Hence, Cyndi Lauper's '80s pop ballad "Time After Time" is reworked into a haunting song of love and sacrifice. *Traveling Miles* takes you into the space of genius.



Ayana D. Byrd

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'N.W.A. LEGACY VOLUME 1 1988-1998' PRIORITY

As the primary architects of the West Coast gangsta rap incursion of the late-'80s, N.W.A. laid down the roots of a revolution. The members of hip hop's first real supergroup—Ice Cube, MC Ren, Eazy-E, Dr. Dre, and DJ Yella—were messengers of doom who became musical prophets. Is there a contemporary MC alive who wasn't changed forever by the righteous polemics,



fierce in-your-face flow, and cubist beat science of N.W.A.'s 1988 masterpiece, *Straight Outta Compton* (Ruthless)?

That album turned out to be N.W.A.'s great shining moment, but the band's mythical stature and widespread influence didn't really take hold until the members scattered to do solo projects. N.W.A. *Legacy* gathers up some of their best solo material, throws in three N.W.A. anthems, and comes up with a roll call of essential jams. Naturally, loyalists will gripe about certain tracks being selected at the exclusion of

others, and this is not by any stretch an exhaustive survey. Still, with seminal rants like Ice Cube's "It Was a Good Day (Remix)" (Priority, 1992) and "Dead Homiez" (Priority, 1991), Dre's "Let Me Ride" (Priority, 1991), and Eazy-E's "We Want Eazy" (Ruthless, 1988), as well as great one-off records from the D.O.C. and Da Lench Mob, there's more than enough here to secure N.W.A.'s rep as hip-hop visionaries.

M.W.

MÓA 'UNIVERSAL' TOMMY BOY

Despite the sensuous vocal inflections of Billie Holiday and vampy drum 'n' bass symphonies that make up her ambitiously titled debut, *Universal*, the biggest fuss made over this young Icelandic singer/songwriter will undoubtedly center around her passing resemblance to Uma Thurman. Then again, Móa's music does not exactly jump up and demand to be heard. Even though former Björk collaborator Eythor Arnalds shares a coproduction credit, the disc is a mostly superficial affair, as tired beats battle it out with '80s-style synths, while the artist formerly known as Moeleur Junusdottir wails unconvincingly about getting her heart trounced. Far from the lascivious worldview of Björk, Móa sums up her feelings with lazy imagery on "Raining in My Heart" ("It's raining in my heart because of you / Since we've been apart I'm in solitude") and misappropriated declarations on "Overcome" ("Touching came easy but holding takes more / We shall overcome!").

She sounds suitably graceful throughout *Universal*, but never breaks out of her formulaic Bond-girl character. And while her well-placed "oohs," "aahs," and "mmms" are enticing, the monotonous tunes make them far from thrilling. And how can anyone expect to be taken seriously while singing (on "Toy"), "Stop spinning me around / I'm not your toy / I am a girl"?

A.V.



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4. Prize Description - Three (3) Winners will receive a Grand Prize trip for two to VIBE LIVE Sponsored by Hennessy, June 10 - 12, 1999. Prize includes round trip airfare from major airport nearest winner's residence to and from Orlando and hotel accommodations for 4 nights (double occupancy), and VIP seats at the VIBE LIVE event. Approximate retail value of each Grand Prize is \$3,000. Trips must be taken on the dates indicated.

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BIG GER DEF FER

his bills paid, his unsatisfied appetite to leave a mark on the music industry led him to a position at DefJam as a regional promotions rep and intern. Liles's impressive business acumen and willingness to deal hands-on with the label's day-to-day rituals (as is evident to anyone who's ever witnessed him manhandle sluggish members of last summer's Survival of the Illest Tour in order to stay on schedule) led to a graduation through the label's ranks that landed him in his current position.

"I trust my life to Lyor and Russell," Liles says. "I feel like I'm in good hands. I'm offered a lot of different things [from other companies], but this is my life. I think I would die for 'The Logo,'" he says with enough conviction that even if he's shoveling me a line I'm not trying to test him.

As for the Seagram/PolyGram Illuminatti eclipse? On January 20 and 21, 500 employees were terminated from labels including Motown, Island, London, and Mercury in one of the most severe examples of corporate downsizing (700 more U.S. layoffs are expected by year's end). Some unnamed recording artists have been dropped as well. As for DefJam? *Untouchable*. No employee casualties. "We're the prototype of the future of the record business," says Cohen.

"I've decided not to sell DefJam at the moment," he reveals via cell phone, on his way to witness the Tyson-Botha brawl in Las Vegas. "I'm rich right now, you know. So in terms of money, there's nothing I can't buy—the extra \$100 million or \$120 million that they were gonna give me doesn't do anything but collect dust in a bank account. It's about quality of life and the fuckin'..." he stops, then spews his brains:

"I'm responsible for the most important brand in hip hop. You know what I'm sayin'? Why fuck that up?" Who knows? Maybe Cohen's sounding brave because he knows that eventually he and Simmons will get what they want, squared.

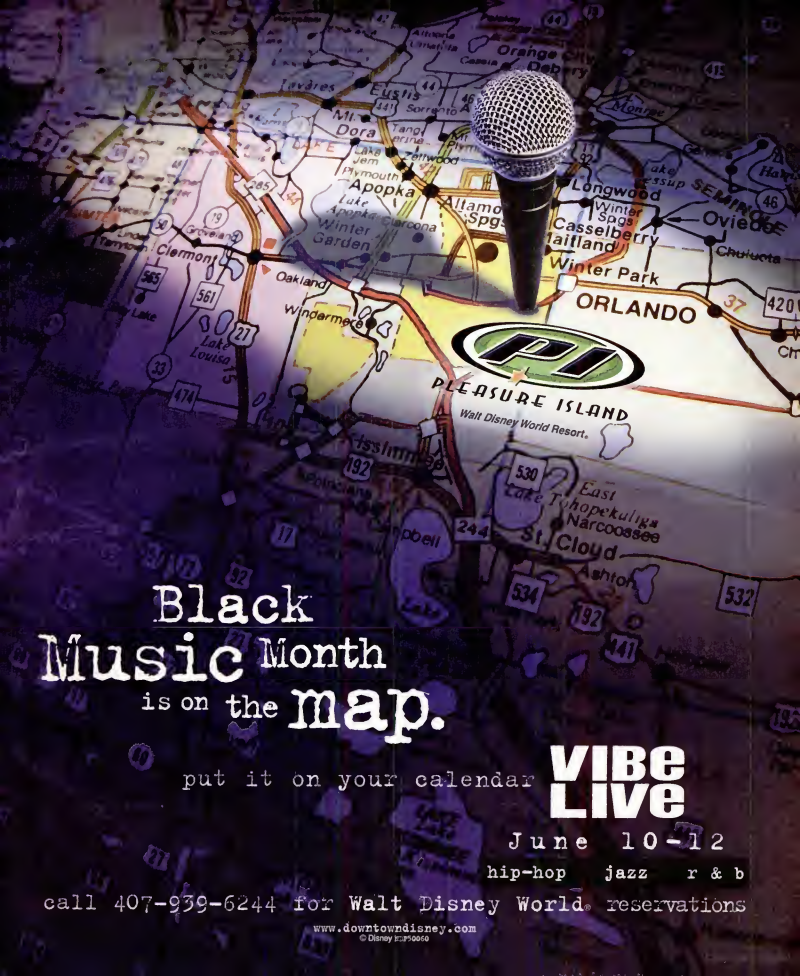
On January 27, *The New York Daily News* reported that "After heated wrangling over money, Seagram-owned Universal Music and rap impresario Russell Simmons are close to a deal on the future ownership of DefJam Records." Initially, it seems improbable, after hearing Cohen's last passionate state-of-the-label address, that he and Simmons would relinquish ownership of the



RUSH MANAGEMENT
ORIGINAL STAFF: Left to right) Dica, Bill Adler, Jimmy Rome, Twana Harris, Heidi Smith, Andre Harrell, Russell Simmons (seated)

most significant imprint in black music since Berry Gordy's Hitsville, U.S.A. But apparently, Cohen's know-when-to-hold-'em Kenny Rogers-isms were merely more smoke-and-mirrors tough talk meant to disguise the truth behind this and most other chapters of the DefJam story: that Simmons and Cohen always eventually get what they want, whether we're talking money, power, respect, or control of their company's daily operations.

"If [Lyor] were the chairman of another company that ran DefJam that would be helpful, but I think we like the way [the label] is today," said Simmons as VIBE went to press, halfway speculating, halfway admitting that things were about to change for the hip hop institution. "But if there were a number [offered by Seagram] that was more reasonable, no one would know the difference between DefJam pre sale, and DefJam after sale. Under no circumstances will the key executives of our company change. Our staff is like the mob," he says with an easy laugh, "people never leave." Simmons and Cohen will probably be laughing all the way to Chase Manhattan by the time you finish reading this. And the smart money says that their bank—and beats—won't stop. ☐



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1. Now that Michael Jordan has retired, is the NBA gonna stand for "Never Be Another?"



Photo © AP/Wide World

2. Or since Dennis Rodman has decided to sit out the rest of the 1999 season, should it maybe stand for "No (more) Blond Afros"? 3. With the Pope's album, *Abba Pater*, coming out (on March 23 to coincide with Holy Week), will he get Hype Williams to direct the video for the first single, "*Pater Noster* (Our Father)"? 4. Because

Foxy Brown sounds so much like Lil' Kim on

5. Why is it illegal to wear bulletproof vests in New York City? 6. Is it because the cops are afraid that bullets are gonna bounce off and come back at them? 7. What's up with that Lite Brite backdrop on *Larry King Live*? 8. And back to Jordan for a minute, does his steakhouse serve MJ cologne instead of A-1? 9. In his video for "Sweet Lady," how much do we love Tyrese for re-enacting the Coca-Cola commercial that sparked his career in the first place? 10. And in the same video, don't Tyrese and actress/singer Maia Campbell make a gorgeous couple? 11. Was that really Brand Nubian and Michael Rapaport mingling in the mob-loving crowd at the premiere party for HBO's

The Sopranos? 12. Speaking of

The Sopranos, dare we ask how the hefty gangster character "Big Pussy" got his name?

13. Why did it even take *this* long for Redman to finally go platinum with his fly-ass fourth album, *Doc's Da Name 2000*? 14. Why is Den-tyne Ice, like, the Altoids of gum?

15. Taye Diggs and Omar Epps are the bomb in the forthcoming *The Wood*, but isn't newcomer Richard T. Jones the one who really steals the movie? 16. Doesn't DMX's new sidekick, Drag-on, sound a little *too* much like Cam'ron? 17. *Dilbert*, *The PJs*, and *Family Guy*—is all this animation a sign that none of us really want to grow up?

18. When and why did it suddenly become cool to wear *real* fur again? 19. Was going solo and

shedding her group Xscape just another step in lead singer LaTocha's very successful weight-loss program? 20. And truly, even though the Mo Thugs Family recently topped the charts with their "Gambler"-inspired hit

"Ghetto Cowboy," isn't Coolio gambling his last bit of credibility by remaking 1980's

"The Gambler"—with Kenny Rogers?



Tyrese

Photo © AP/Wide World



Mo Thugs



Lil' Kim

20 QUESTIONS

her new album, *Chyna Doll*, aren't we all waiting for Kim to come with a blazing new style that'll knock *everyone* out the box?

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THE DETAILS

VIBEFashion: "Some Like It Hot"

page 138: White raglan fitted sweater \$58 by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN available at Polo Jeans Co. stores nationwide and Bloomingdale's nationwide; white cotton knit bikini \$32 by United Colors of Benetton (for more information, please call 800-535-4491); towel by Dolce & Gabbana; watch by Swatch.

page 140: Gray cotton swim shorts with side pockets \$46 by Kenneth Cole Sportswear (for more information, please call 800-KEN-COLE); hat by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN; gray nylon swim trunks with red and white stripes \$100 by Moschino Mare Uomo available at Moschino Boutiques nationwide.

page 141: Clockwise from right: Black bikini with the \$160 and gold bandeau top bikini \$202, both by Dolce & Gabbana available at Dolce & Gabbana, Bal Harbour and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; wrap by Island Trading Company; purple nylon swim trunk with orange trim \$90 and black and green bikini swim trunk \$110, both by Moschino Mare Uomo available at Moschino Boutiques nationwide; hat by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN; green nylon bikini with boy short \$68 and green nylon boardsports \$42, both by Tommy Hilfiger available at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Dillard's stores nationwide; sunglasses by Vuarnet; beach towels by Nautica by David Chu.

page 142: White cotton tank top with sheer silk pink print overlay \$430 by Helmut Lang available at Helmut Lang New York; pink wool pant \$340 by Helmut Lang available at Helmut Lang New York, Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; watch by Swatch.

page 143: From left: Light gray stretch cotton zip-front jacket \$135 by Gene Meyer available at select Marshall Field's, American Rag, L.A., Antique Boutique, N.Y.C., and Atrium, N.Y.C.; navy nylon swim shorts \$43 by Nautica by David Chu available at select Dillard's, Marshall Field's, and Lord & Taylor stores nationwide; hat by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN; white and green waxed cotton floral-print pant \$380 by John Bartlett available at Camouflage, N.Y.C., and Armoire, El Paso; bag by XS Baggage; red bikini \$68 by Nautica by David Chu (for more information, please call 800-BOX-SWIM); quilted wrap skirt by C. Wilbekin; avocado bandeau top bikini \$70 by Nautica by David Chu (for more information, please call 800-BOX-SWIM); white cotton floral embroidered camisole dress with drawing \$128 by Helena Stuart for Only Hearts available at Only Hearts N.Y.C., and Santa Monica; coral cotton muscle T-shirt \$90 by Sandy Dalal available at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores, Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and Beverly Hills, and Louis of Boston; blue cotton floral-print pant \$62 by Tommy Hilfiger available at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Dillard's stores nationwide.

page 144: Black cotton floral shirt \$165 by Sandy Dalal available at Barneys New York, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; cream track pant \$79 by Nautica by David Chu available at select Marshall Field's, Dillard's, and Lord & Taylor stores nationwide; sunglasses by Ray Ban; bike by Caloi; watch by Swatch.

page 145: From left: Green and white striped cotton cropped pant \$280 by Versus by Gianni Versace available at Versace Boutiques nationwide; watch by Girz; sunglasses by Ray Ban; blue nylon rhinestone-print bikini \$465 by Moschino Mare available at Moschino Boutiques nationwide; black cotton wear-length pant \$78 by A/X Armani Exchange available at A/X Armani Exchange stores nationwide; necklace by Erikson Beamon for Showroom Seven; red cotton sleeveless crew T-shirt \$30 by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN available at Burdines and Dillard's stores nationwide; putty cargo shorts \$68, and hat, both by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN available at Atrium, N.Y.C.; navy drawing cropped pant \$79 and blue and navy tank top \$32, both by Nautica by David Chu available at Marshall Field's, Dillard's, and Lord & Taylor stores nationwide.

page 146: Electric blue neoprene diving pant \$495 by Nautica by David Chu available at Marshall Field's, Dillard's, and Lord & Taylor stores nationwide.

page 147: From left: Ivory long-sleeve linen gauge double-knit crewneck sweater \$474 and black knee-length shorts \$199, both by Dolce & Gabbana available at Dolce & Gabbana New York and Bal Harbour; watch by G-Shock; cream cashmere and silk three-quarter-sleeve hoodie \$145 by F.A.L. by Jeffrey Gribb available at Barneys New York, N.Y.C., Calypso, N.Y.C., and Neo Deco, Philadelphia; black nylon

(continued on page 148)

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THE DETAILS

(continued from page 194)

and Spandex shorts \$115 by Dolce & Gabbana available at Dolce & Gabbana New York and Bal Harbour; slides by Nike; ecru cotton V-neck vest \$48 by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN available at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, and Filene's stores nationwide; charcoal gray wool knee-length shorts \$150 by Sandy Dalal available at Barney's New York, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, and select Saks Fifth Avenue; watch by Citizen.

page 148: White cotton and elastin short-sleeve no-pocket button-down shirt \$223 by Dolce & Gabbana available at Dolce & Gabbana New York and Bal Harbour; beaded necklace by Island Trading Company.

page 149: From left: Yellow cotton cardigan \$250 and batik linen print pant \$250, both by Byblos by John Bartlett available at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; vintage hat; batik linen print blazer \$695 by Byblos by John Bartlett available at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Theodore, L.A., and Reault, Chicago; yellow cotton short-sleeve sweater \$225 and yellow flat-front pant \$225 by Byblos by John Bartlett available at, Untitled, N.Y.C., and Traffic, L.A.; olive linen bikini top with floral straps \$195, and mustard suede maxi skirt with crochet seams \$895, both by Byblos by John Bartlett available at Barney's New York, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., Bal Harbour, and Beverly Hills.

page 150: From left: Cream cotton short-sleeve shirt \$225 by Calvin Klein available at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; cream rubberized flat-front pant \$197 by Cerruti 1881 available at Davis for Men, Chicago and Dutch Plum, Seattle; watch by Tag Heuer; white bikini \$120 by Moschino Mare available at Moschino Boutiques nationwide; white cotton pant with zippers \$257 by CoSTUME NATIONAL available at CoSTUME NATIONAL, N.Y.C., Saks Fifth Avenue, San Francisco, and Barney's New York, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; sunglasses by Calvin Klein.

page 151: From left: Navy voile cotton shirt \$120 by Maurice Malone available at Barney's New York, N.Y.C., Fred Segal, L.A., and Diaz, Chicago; cream nylon track pant \$79 by Nautica by David Chu available at select Marshall Field's, Dillard's, and Lord & Taylor stores nationwide; sandals by Gucci; white nylon and lycra seamless sleeveless T-shirt \$48 by Calvin Klein Underwear available at Macy's, Bloomingdale's and Dayton Hudson stores nationwide; black nylon and lycra matte hardware logo bikini \$80 by Calvin Klein available at Bloomingdale's and Calvin Klein stores nationwide; shoes by Dolce & Gabbana.

Gear: "Conversational Shirts"

page 152: Blue cotton Rob O Totem polo shirt \$55 by ECKÖ (for more information, please go to www.ckonline.com); beige polyester Bamboo print shirt \$74 by Sean John available at The Lark, Chicago, Carson's, Chicago, and Burdines, Miami; gray and red cotton Hawaiian print shirt \$52 by Polo Jeans Co. RALPH LAUREN (for more information, please call 888-Polo-John); beige and gray cotton V-necker shirt \$50 by Eynce available at Active Warehouse, N.Y.C. and Fred Segal, L.A.; camel and brown cotton Tropicana shirt \$52 by EXSTO available at Bloomingdale's, and Macy's West; white viscose Jamaica Spirit tropical print shirt \$58 by GUESS? (for more information, please call 800-39-GUESS?); beige polyester Recreation Leaf shirt \$50 by Phat Farm available at Phat Farm, N.Y.C. and Fred Segal, L.A.; blue polyester floral print shirt \$51 by Mecca USA (for more information, please go to www.meccausa.com); yellow rayon Dragon Print shirt \$58 by Nautica Marine Denim available at Carson's, Chicago; beige and green chambray Lei print shirt \$44 by Fresh Five available at specialty boutiques nationwide; gray-wash cotton China print shirt \$60 by 155-SOUL (for more information, please call 212-231-2404); multicolored cotton Hawaiian shirt \$65 by Tommy Hilffiger (for more information, please call 800-888-8802).

Sneak Peak:

Shadow Original \$45 by Saucony (for more information, please call 800-365-7282).

VIBEFace: "Rio Grrris"

page 154: From left:

Bazooka silk georgette dress \$155 by A/X Armani Exchange available at A/X Exchange stores nationwide; flesh cotton crepe wrap dress \$1,205 by Helmut Lang available at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores and Helmut Lang, N.Y.C.; lavender silk cow-neck dress with geometric print \$820 by Isstante available at Versace Boutiques nationwide.

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THE WHITE SHADOW

You've manhandled one student, two others are failing English, and the sale of tranquilizers has gone up in the neighborhood."

Thus Jim Willis, black principal of L.A.'s Carver High School, recaps his old Boston College buddy Ken Reeves's first week as Carver High's basketball coach. Reeves, a former Chicago Bull reentering civilianhood after a career-ending knee injury, faced the task of transforming a bunch of wisecracking ghetto malcontents into a disciplined squad who would vie for the city championship. "Let's move it, ladies! Coach would holler, on his players' cases like a shadow...a *White Shadow*."

Debating while America digested Thanksgiving dinner in 1978, and lasting for a three-year, 54-episode run on CBS, *The White Shadow* tackled such tricky topics as teen pregnancy, racial tension, and even a

BACK ROW (left to right): Eric Kilpatrick as Curtis Jackson, Byron Stewart as Warren Coolidge, John Mengatti as Nick Vitaglia, Thomas Carter as James Hayward, Ken Howard as Coach Ken Reeves
FRONT ROW (left to right): Ira Augustain as Ricardo Gomez, Nathan Cook as Milton Reese, Kevin Hooks as Morris Thorpe, Timothy Van Patten as Mario "Salami" Petrino

PCP-crazed team manager with a quality blend of playfulness and pathos. And without the moralizing tone endemic to so much network-TV fare.

Developed by the show's star, Ken Howard, and writer/executive producer Bruce Paltrow (yes, Gwyneth's dad), and based on Howard's experience as the lone white basketball player at Manhasset High in New York, *The White Shadow* nailed the nuances of high school life and hardwood hoops.

Just one Carver player stood taller than the 6'6" Coach Reeves: star center Warren Coolidge (Byron Stewart), who could dunk as authoritatively as he stole Swedish meatballs off other students' lunch trays. "Man, Coolidge, you played so good last night you looked like Bill Walton in a gorilla suit," observed point guard Morris Thorpe (Kevin Hooks), who eventually earned an art scholarship to college. The only

white starter, Mario "Salami" Petrino (Timothy Van Patten) sang lead on "Teenager in Love" when the team's locker-room vocal act, Shower of Power, scored a recording contract. Curtis Jackson (Eric Kilpatrick) wore a beret on court (Funkadelic was his favorite band). James Hayward (Thomas Carter) had 17 extortion arrests—and zero convictions. The Owls were a funky, off-flunking team, but they sure looked fly in those radiation-orange uniforms with the Knicks-esque royal blue trim.

"Where do you want them?" asked Coach Reeves when vice principal Sybil Buchanon put the "bosh on gym access during school hours. "Out in the parking lot throwing hubcaps for distance?!" If *The White Shadow's* sense of humor was its savior back then, its lesson—mutual respect is earned through hard work, period—still holds up strong. *Peter Reifel*

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